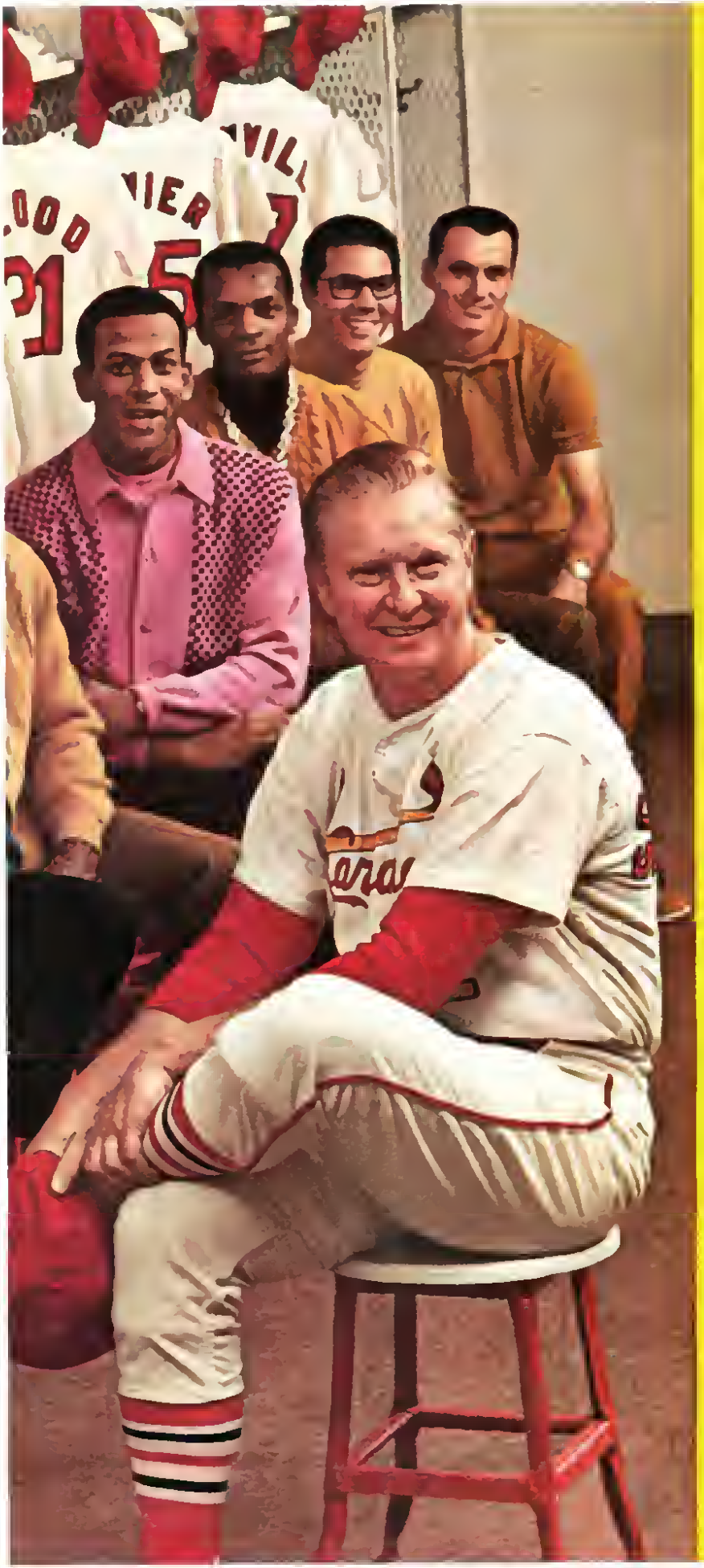
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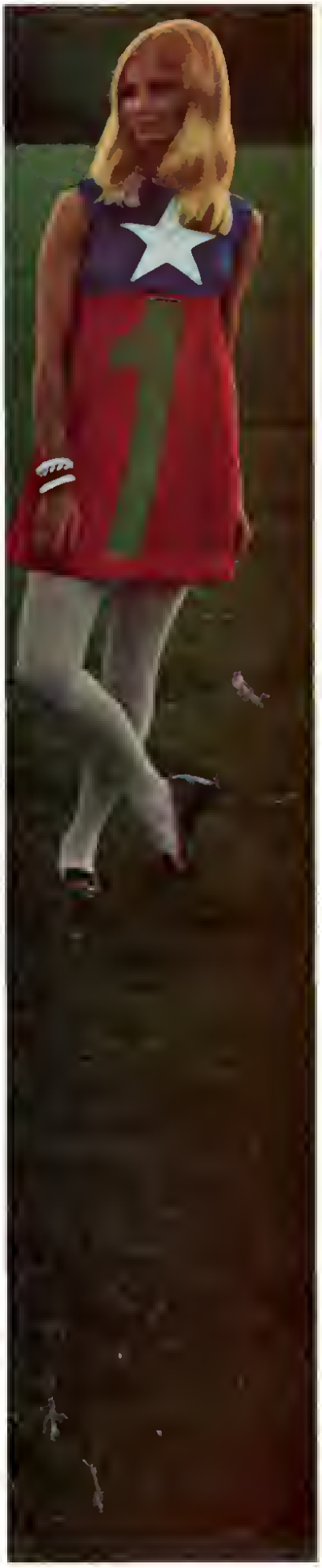


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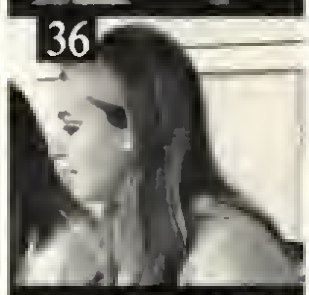
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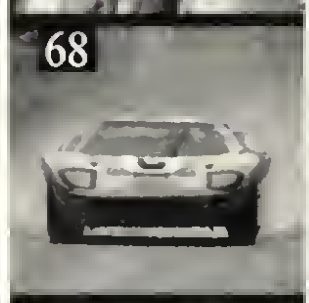














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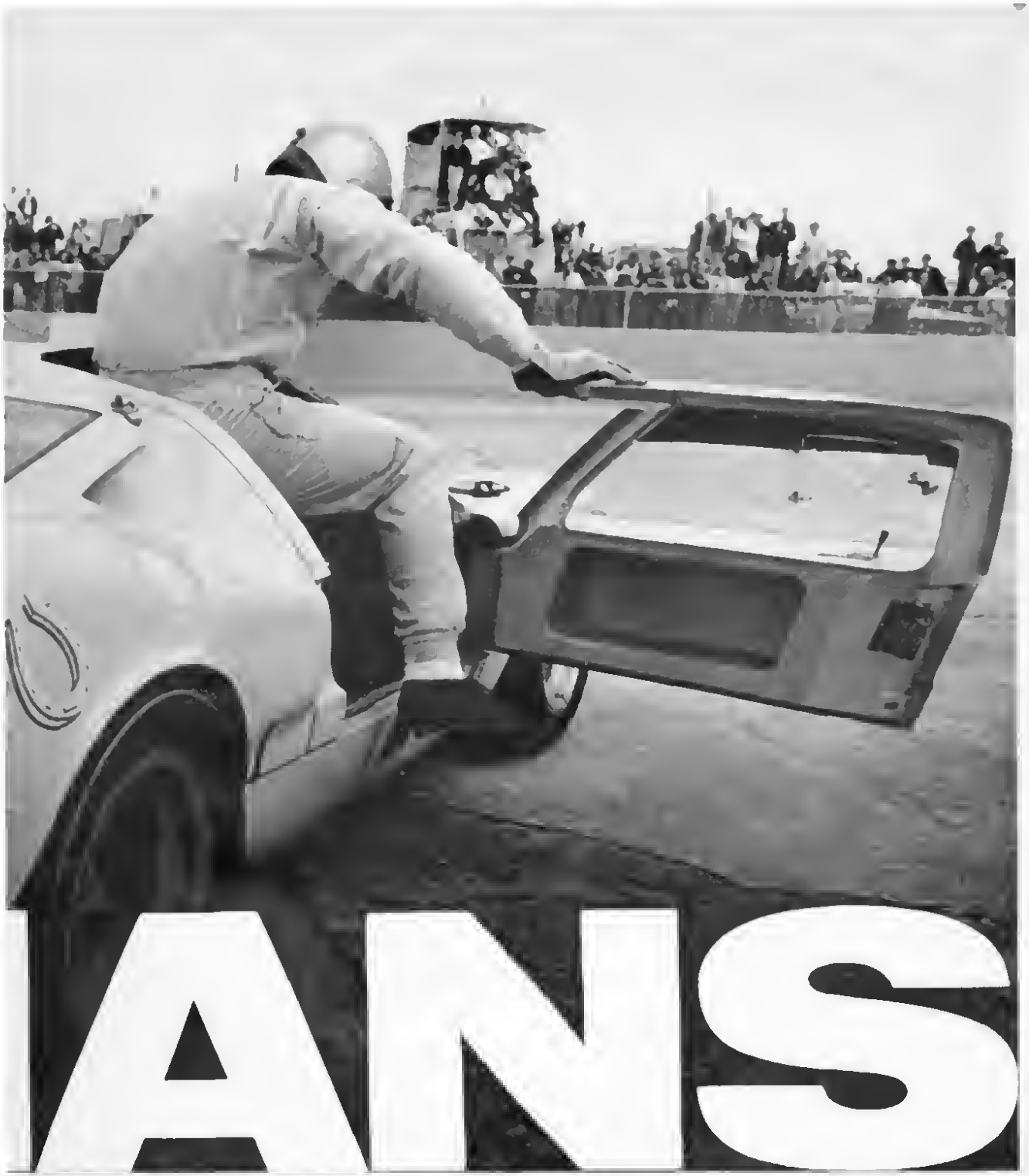
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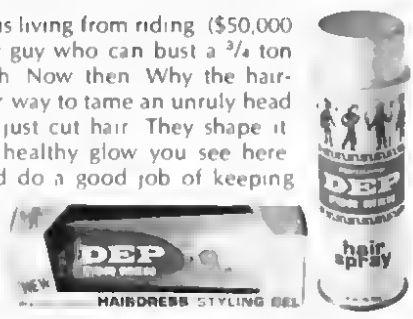
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BOOKTALK

Bored and looking for something to do, Colonel Siegel found himself a treasure

When Colonel Henry A. Siegel (ret.) got out of the Army in 1955, he "fooled around" with sales work for a number of years, but his happiest times were spent fishing for trout and salmon and collecting books on angling. As his library grew, he started swapping his duplicates with other collectors. Yet no matter how many books Colonel Siegel traded away, the collection kept swelling. Last year, "just looking for something to do," he issued a catalogue of fishing and hunting books and mailed out 2,000 copies.

Orders poured in from all over the U.S., Canada and Bermuda, and within 10 weeks 80% of the books were sold. Moreover, the catalogue caused a real stir among other collectors. Instead of listing the tattered old dogs that clutter most catalogues, Siegel offered any number of elusive items, such as the first edition of Emlyn Gill's *Practical Dry-fly Fishing*, the first American book on the subject ($15) and Louis Rhead's *American Trout Stream Insects* ($25). Siegel also had a fair representation of the magnificent Derrydale Press books, the rarest of which was Joel Barber's *Wild Fowl Decoys*, No. 3 of a signed edition of 55 copies. Priced at $425, it drew four orders.

Two of the authors most in demand were George LaBranche and Edward Ringwood Hewitt, giants of the past generation. A presentation copy of *The Dry Fly and Fast Water* fetched $15. Hewitt's *Secrets of the Salmon*, the limited first, went for $20, and his *A Trout and Salmon Fisherman for Seventy-five Years* for $15. A few angler collectors deemed the prices a bit stiff, but most felt that if anything, Siegel's prices were low. Out-of-print angling books are a shrinking commodity in an expanding market. Siegel himself learned this the hard way with some books published comparatively recently: Claude Kreider's *The Bamboo Rod and How to Build It*, 1951, and Art Flick's *Streamside Guide*, 1947. Until a few years ago, it was possible to pick up either for a few dollars. "Now," Siegel says, "I have difficulty finding copies."

With the first catalogue depleted, Siegel reinvested in more books. Indeed, he bought so many that he, his wife and two children were crowded out of their Manhattan apartment and into a country house. "I'm convinced," Siegel says, "that I can make a living doing something I like to do and still have time for hunting and fishing." A second catalogue with 900 items has just been issued. Anyone interested should write to Angler's & Shooter's Bookshelf, South Street, Goshen, Conn. 06756.

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YESTERDAY

How 11 Men of Iron Flattened Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth

Brown's coach hadn't planned it that way, but once his starting team got rolling it seemed silly to bother with substitutes by JOHN HANLON

Brown University's Coach De Ormond (Tuss) McLaughry was a fairly unpredictable fellow. As football coach at Amherst, before he came to Brown, he had effectively thumbed his nose at Princeton's famed Coach Bill Roper when the arrogant Roper decided to play his second team against Tuss's boys, since they were so obviously minor league. McLaughry countered the gesture by fielding *his* second team.

But not even unpredictable Tuss McLaughry could have planned the endurance contest that marked the Brown University season of 1926 (Tuss's first) when 11, count 'em, 11 Bruins defeated Yale and Dartmouth on successive Saturdays and played all but the last two minutes in a victory against Harvard two Saturdays later without a single substitution.

These were the "Iron Men," as they soon came to be known:

RE	Thurston Towle	175 pounds
RT	Paul Hodge	178
RG	Orland Smith	225
C	Charley Considine	174
LG	Lou Farber	192
LT	Ed Kevorkian	208
LE	Hal Broda (capt.)	174
QB	Red Randall	181
LH	Dave Mishel	178
RH	Ed Lawrence	168
FB	Al Cornsweet	165

Even for its time, the accomplishment of these 11 men was considered heroic; taken in light of present-day platooning, it has to be evidence that they don't make football players like they used to.

Brown's men, as their playing weights indicate, were not particularly big, nor had their season up to the Yale game been more than a moderate success. McLaughry had started it with a squad of about 35, and the start was rather flat. Tuss used a mixed lineup and substituted at all positions as the season got under way against four minor opponents, but the performances were spotty and not such as to impress Brown backers.

"Except for a few positions," Tuss said, "no one was a sure regular and we were still in the experimental stage."

In the week before the Yale game McLaughry considered several positions "still wide open" and, additionally, there were problems concerning some of his Iron Men-to-be. Randall, the quarterback, had been bruised in the previous week's game, and Farber, the sophomore guard, was in uniform but had missed two weeks' practice because of injuries. Each might be unavailable at game time.

On Thursday, Paul Hodge, the right tackle, was called to the bedside of his ailing mother in Baltimore. And Orland Smith, the biggest and best lineman, was always a worry. Smith earned his way by spending seven nights a week on call as an ambulance driver at City Hospital, and a couple of busy nights in a row could leave him weak. To offset such dangers, McLaughry fed his players a pint of milk after each practice.

In his stated pregame plan McLaughry intended to start Randall, if ready, at quarterback, then replace him with Frank Eisenberg. Eisenberg would watch from the bench during the first period, then put his observations to work in the second quarter. At a pregame rally Tuss told the throng: "A team is no stronger than its reserve material."

On Saturday morning the Bruins entrained for New Haven, and the lineup began to fall in place. Farber and Randall were declared fit. Some sympathetic interns had seen to it that Smith got a night's uninterrupted sleep. And Hodge, riding an overnight sleeper from Baltimore, arrived at New Haven in time

continued

to accompany his teammates on a pregame stroll to Yale Bowl. Brown teams had a reputation for being awed by the massiveness of the Bowl and, as Hodge remembers, McLaughry took them around for a look and pointed out it was "just another hunk of concrete."

Yale was rated as the East's best team going into the game, or, as a reporter of the day put it, "high above all else in the Eastern football realm stand the Bulldogs of Eli Yale, a band of giant killers." (They don't write 'em like they used to, either.) But Tuss's men confounded the experts right off as Brown scored a touchdown in the first period, after which Dave Mishel drop-kicked the extra point. In the habit of the time McLaughry elected to "sit" on his lead, and as he did so the Iron Men came into being—quite by chance.

"It wasn't until the third quarter that I realized no substitutions had been made," Tuss says. He remembers thinking then, "No one has been injured, the team is hot, winning and apparently fresh. Why break up a winning combination?" It never occurred to him until after the game that he had caused a sensation.

Tuss still had no idea of fostering a legend as he got the team ready to play Dartmouth. "But," he recalls now, "by that time the 11 men had become an entity. Nearly every one of them had been 'threatened' by the other 10 as to what would happen if they got hurt and all of them were anxious to continue their record. Naturally, I cooperated."

So did the press.

"We were deluged by out-of-town writers," Tuss remembers, and preparations for Dartmouth were complicated by their presence. Still, the attention fostered unseen benefits. "It created a high spirit and morale on the team," Tuss said. "The boys became very cocky and talky and made themselves believe they were the best."

All kinds of stories began to come out about just how cocky this team was. Against Yale, it was said, Smith and Hodge had verbally badgered the All-America guard, Bubble Sturhahn, to the point that he became furious—and hence less effective.

The game at Dartmouth attracted a crowd of 13,000, which was vast for Hanover, N.H., and extra policemen were called in from all parts of the state to handle the traffic. At the start Dartmouth quickly advanced to the Brown 10-yard line. At that point Brown called time out, and Ed Kevorkian, the sophomore guard, was heard to exclaim: "That's as far as the bastards go!" And it was. In the second quarter Randall scored on a pass from Mishel, who drop-kicked the point after. In the fourth quarter Mishel kicked a 30-yard field goal, and again the Iron Men went the whole way alone and won 10–0.

Now they were football's reigning heroes, and their return to Providence was celebrated by a torchlight parade through town and a bonfire and speeches on the campus. Brown's president gave an address, in the course of which he conferred make-believe "honorary" degrees on each player.

After that the Bruins were "overwhelmed," as McLaughry put it, by photographers and writers, "but we stuck to our business" of getting ready for the next major opponent, Harvard. In between there was an unimpressive victory over a minor team, Norwich, in which Tuss did not start the Iron Men. Then it was on to Cambridge, Mass.

All 53,896 seats in Harvard Stadium were sold for the game—it was the largest crowd ever to watch a Brown team perform—and special films of the game (a rarity in the '20s) were to be made for showing in not one but *four* Providence theaters. Along the route from Providence to Cambridge an automobile club posted special signs to guide the motorists. The *Brown Daily Herald*, in an editorial, urged Brown fans to forgo any "disorganized mob tactics," such as tearing down goalposts, if Brown won.

McLaughry had pregame worries of his own. He was concerned that the Iron Men now were getting a bit overconfident. Additionally, the "Wooden Men," as the substitutes had been titled, were beginning to grumble about not playing. Tuss let a reporter from the *Brown Daily Herald* in on the intelligence that he did not plan to keep the Iron Men intact against Harvard, "unless such a move is the best policy."

It was a bruising game. Paul Hodge had his nose bashed in on the first play. On the second play a Harvard lineman was similarly injured. But the Iron Men never really gave Harvard a chance to get started and took a 14–0 lead into the fourth quarter.

Then, with some two minutes of play remaining, McLaughry signaled a batch of six substitutes to get ready to go in. When they rose to start warming up and the crowd saw what this meant, cries of "No! No!" came from stands on both sides of the field—from both Harvard and Brown fans. But Tuss sent the subs in. On the third play thereafter Brown scored its third touchdown. McLaughry sent in four more subs. There were two plays left, and Red Randall was the only Iron Man left on the field at the end.

There were no protests from the Iron Men, and the newspapers made much of the conclusion of the feat. *The Evening Bulletin* of Providence thoroughly approved of McLaughry's decision to substitute, calling it "a fitting climax to a great afternoon." Even a farm publication called *The Rural New Yorker* took note of Brown's Iron Man feat and, while it was at it, of their milk-drinking habit. "In the great football game of life," *The Rural New Yorker* concluded, "you can have no finer friend than a cow."

So the streak was done, but Brown had two more games to play to complete the season without defeat. The Bruins beat New Hampshire easily, then played to a 10–10 tie with Colgate. In this game only one substitute was used, late in the game, but by then the spell was off the Iron Men. Even McLaughry had some second thoughts about the aptness of the nickname. "They're not Iron Men," he told a reporter soon after the Harvard game. "They are just 11 college boys having a good time playing football."

Three of the Iron Men—Towle, Lawrence and Considine—have died, but the rest are a hearty and quite successful lot. Smith became a surgeon, Hodge a lawyer and Cornsweet a clinical psychologist after a term as a Rhodes scholar. Farber and Randall went into coaching and the others into business.

They remain proud of their accomplishment—and also still a bit cocky about it. An old friend met Paul Hodge after Brown had opened its 1966 season with a victory and asked him whether he thought the Iron Men could have done as well. "Hell, no," Hodge answered. "Maybe we could have for about three periods, but don't forget—most of us are now in our 60s." END



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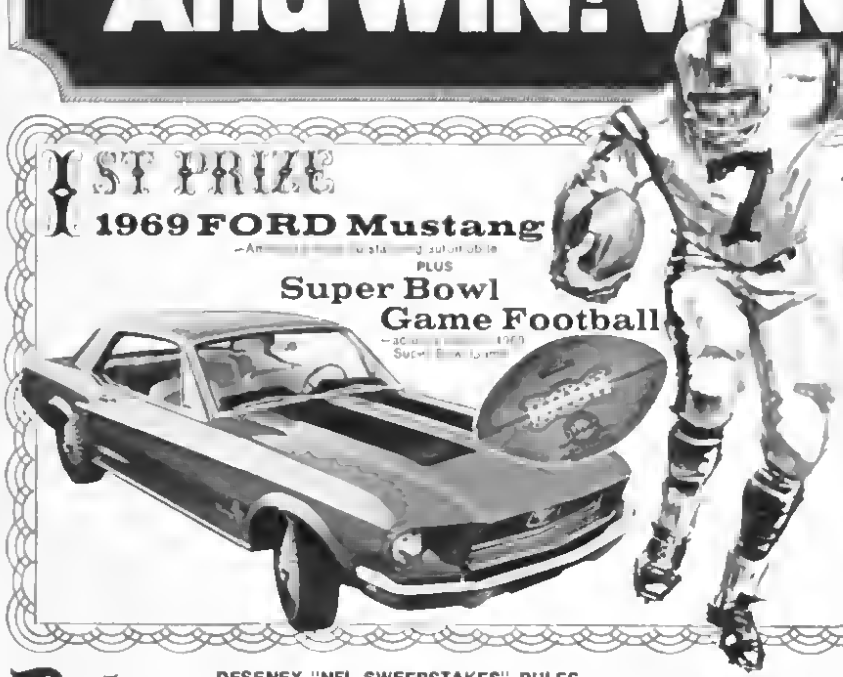
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2. Each entry must be accompanied by a proof of purchase from any size Desenex or a 4" x 5" piece of paper on which you have handprinted the word 'Desenex' in plain block letters.
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or any other light.

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It's the only Scotch that was.

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how light was meant to be.



The original light Scotch



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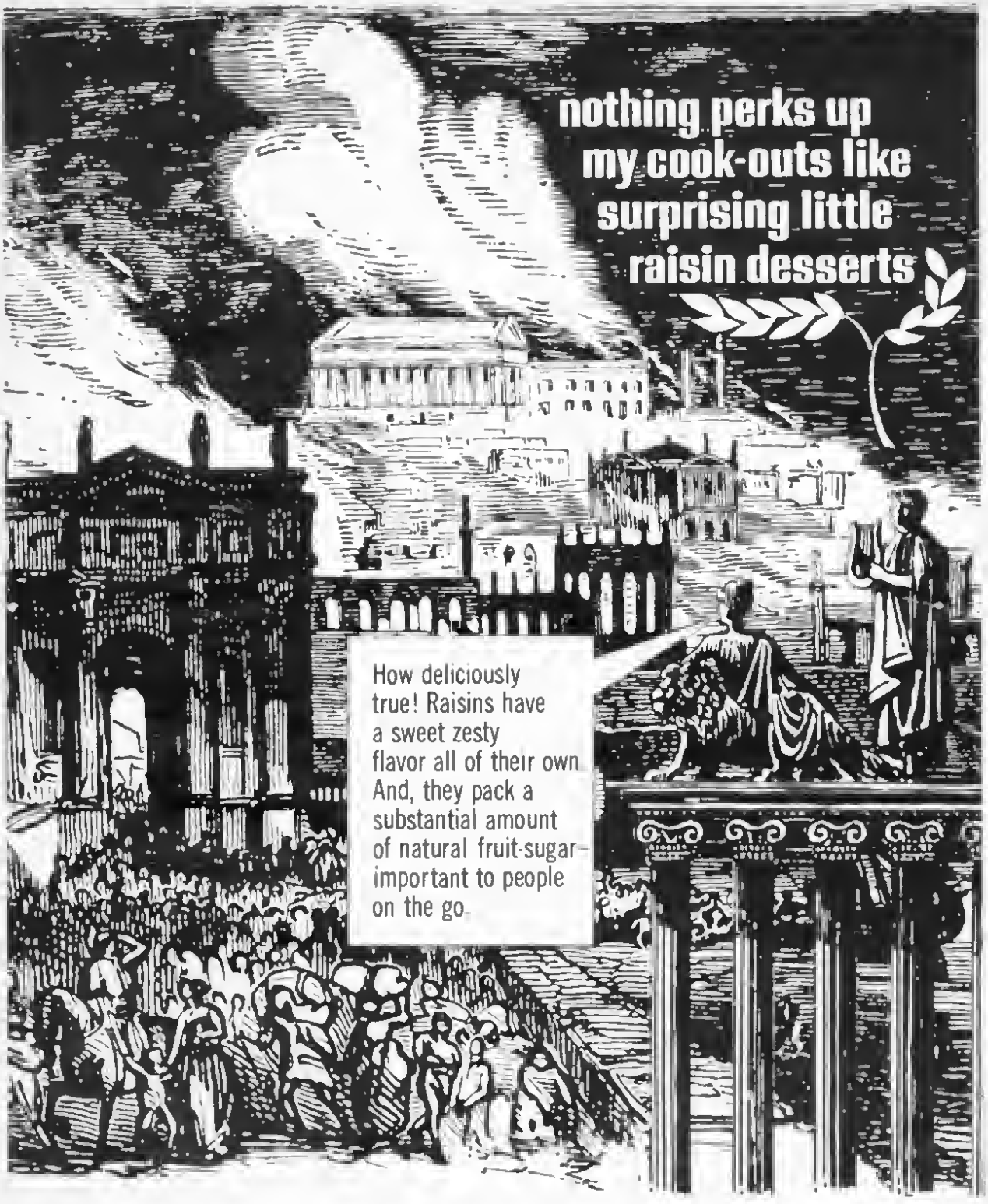
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That's why we developed Electro-Coating. This new process creates a flawless fusion between blade and coating. The most comfortable shaving surface ever perfected.

And that's why we're so super-fussy about quality control. Every day at our factory we have a special panel of men shave-test samples of all the blades we make. To see how they hold up shave after shave against the Gillette Spoiler.

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Get a 2-INCH wider grip on winter, plus safe traction with Ice Grip Safety Studs.

Guaranteed to go through ice, mud and snow or we pay the tow.

Firestone Town & Country Wide Oval winter tires are nearly two inches wider than standard winter tires. They put more rubber on the road. Traction bars are wider too. Deeper. They bite in, clean out. Keep you going when others get stuck.

You get so much traction in Firestone Wide Oval winter tires we guarantee you'll go through ice, mud and snow or we pay the tow.

For extra bite on icy roads, get your Firestone winter tires with Ice Grip Safety Studs (available where local laws permit). Row after row of metal studs bite deep on icy roads. Give safer stops, surer control.

Stop in at your Firestone Safe Tire Center. And get guaranteed going this winter.

Guarantee applies on new T&C tires on drive wheels for the entire life of original tread design. Tow charge paid by selling Dealer. Not [illegible]

FIRESTONE TM

Town & Country Wide Oval Winter Tire

Firestone

The safe tire


The 1969 Bu
No wonder Buick owners


ick Wildcat.
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GM
keep selling Buicks for us.
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Can Head & Shoulders stop dandruff?



Can Harmon Killebrew give it a ride?



In the past seven years, "Harm" has averaged 42 homa runs a season. Driven in 753 runs. He's second only to Babe Ruth in homers per times at bat. And 24 homers ahead of tha Babe's pace at tha sama age.

In tha same period, Head & Shoulders shampoo has checked dandruff for the millions of men who've made it their regular shampoo. They like tha way it gives dandruff a ride. The way it leaves hair clean, neat, and easy to comb. That's why Head & Shoulders has become America's #1 shampoo.

Get with a winner. Head & Shoulders . . . the Killebrew of shampoos.

SCORECARD

TURNING ALI OFF

Muhammad Ali, the man who, as he points out, still has the championship belt worn by Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey, is anxious to do his thing one more time before the Supreme Court decides his fate—and a great many people would like to watch him doing it. But time is running out on him.

Last week Ali was turned away by the mayor of Columbus, Ohio and a tribe of Indians. He appeared in Columbus at the invitation of promoter Bill (Bubbles) Holloway, who announced that he would fight someone there November 11. Holloway told Ali he would be welcomed by Mayor Maynard E. Sensenbrenner.

The mayor's welcoming speech went like this: "I am not in favor of any draft dodger appearing in the city of Columbus." Ali left town saying, "I don't want to go where I'm not wanted." The next day Benny Hinds of Tempe, Ariz. reported he had signed Zora Folley to fight Ali on the Gila River Indian Reservation in Sacaton. The Arizona Athletic Commission, which had turned down an Ali-Joe Frazier match last month, appeared to have been outflanked; the commission has no jurisdiction over the reservation.

But the Gila River tribal council does, and it decided that receiving a draft resister would be disloyal to Indians who had died for their country. Also, the bank that employs Hinds called him in and told him to stay away from Ali.

The Supreme Court convenes October 7, and by mid-November Ali will know whether the court will hear his appeal of a U.S. District Court's decision sentencing him to five years. A payday would defray the mounting court costs—but "most of all," he says, "I want to climb in the ring and get turned on."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The name Edgar Lacey is well known among basketball fans. Lacey won fame in high school and added to it during four outstanding years at UCLA. Last week he furthered his career by signing a contract with the Los Angeles Stars of the American Basketball League.

He signed it Edgar *Lacy*.

"Why did you sign it that way?" the Stars wanted to know.

"That's the way it's spelled," he said.

"Well, then, why has it been spelled with an *e* all these years?"

"I don't know," said Lacy. "It's a mystery to me."

THE ODDS

A leading London bookmaking house, Ladbroke's, had Humphrey listed at 7 to 1 last week and Wallace at 12 to 1 (50 to 1 the week before), and was handling a steady flow of American money on Nixon at 1 to 10—including one wager of $3,280. Considering Britain's betting tax, you'd have to invest 200 shillings on Mr. Nixon to win nine.

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

Howard Cosell, the outspoken sportscaster and critic of bland television reporting, is going to the Olympics as ABC-TV's "troubleshooter"—to cover, among other things, any demonstrations or disorders that might arise in connection with the Games. What, then, would he say if he were accused—as television was accused after the Democratic Convention—of attracting trouble?

"That's just silly," is what he says. "The mere thought that we shouldn't be there because somebody might see a television camera and therefore cause a disturbance would absolutely debar the integrity of the operation which we, all the media, jointly represent. . . . We will hit on the spot, we will hit with the maximum instant wisdom and discretion we can apply. I will muster all my resources, my mind and emotional equilibrium, and make the instantaneous adjustments required. . . . TV has become a sitting duck for people whose own lack of creativity and diminishing importance has put them beside themselves. . . . Television is part of the American way of life. . . . Are you going to do away with television?"

What a thought!

GETTING THE BIRD

If someone in your community is trying to lure the Air Force Academy's falcon down out of the sky, tell him to stop.

The falcon, named Tawalki, was supposed to serve as the half-time attraction of the recent Air Force-Florida game at Tampa. He was to sweep down from the press box and strike a lure being twirled by a cadet on the field. A falcon lure is a piece of sponge rubber wrapped in black leather, on the end of a 10-foot rope. It is twirled rapidly about the head, and the twirler must whistle.

At the beginning of an Air Academy falcon's training, meat is put on the end of the rope. Later the meat is replaced by the lure, and the falcon is fed as soon as he strikes it.

At the Florida game Tawalki, with the lure twirling below him and twice 52,667 eyes upon him, took off directly



southward from the press box and disappeared. His loss was widely reported. The next morning golfer Ken Vennett flushed a large bird from the rough at Rocky Point Golf Club, two miles from the stadium. "I knew immediately what it was," he said, "because of the band on his leg."

Soon the bird was being trailed by three city policemen, two security men from MacDill Air Force Base, three bird

continued



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Who says nice guys finish last?



You're ahead of the crowd with a new Westclox color-coded stop watch, "The Official."

As simple as one, two, three ..the green button starts, the red button stops, and the black button resets. The 30-second main dial has 1/10-second calibration usually found only in expensive stop watches. And there's a 15-minute sub-dial accumulator. Along with shatterproof crystal. High-impact case. Attached neck card. And a one-year guarantee on "The Official." Red or Blue. $12.95. Chrome finish. $13.95

FREE WITH "THE OFFICIAL."
"Timer's Guide" with 28 pages of instructions for timing 15 major sports.
Get "The Official" Westclox stop watch and stay ahead of the crowd.

WESTCLOX
WESTCLOX DIVISION GENERAL TIME

experts and a number of golfers in golf carts and a Land-Rover. Someone called Air Force Coach Ben Martin, who said he was sure glad the bird had been found, and the way to catch him was to tie a piece of meat to a rope and swing it around your head and whistle. This the rescuers did, all Sunday and Monday, back and forth across the links, as the whole community watched, hoping the unresponsive Tawalki could be saved.

Then late Monday someone called the Tampa *Tribune* to say he thought he had seen some cadets capture Tawalki Saturday afternoon after the game, in a parking lot south of the stadium. Colonel James C. McIntyre, officer in charge of the academy's mascot program, was called. "Oh, yes," he said. "We got him about 6:30. It was the heat that made him fly away. They do that, you know." It hadn't occurred to Colonel McIntyre to notify Coach Martin, or the folks in Florida.

RIDING HIGH

As things stand now, Kathy Kusner, a quiet little brunette who has beaten plenty of men in horse shows, will have a chance to be the first woman to beat them in major flat races.

The U.S. Olympic equestrienne's application for a jockey's license was turned down by the Maryland State Racing Commission, after stewards decided she rode high, "bounced in the saddle," and did not give "the impression of strength and authority," but Prince Georges County Circuit Court Judge Ernest A. Loveless has overturned the commission's decision. It had been prejudiced, the judge concluded, against Kathy's gender—a term he suggested after the word sex had been bandied around the courtroom a great deal.

The commission may appeal the ruling, said Chairman D. Eldred Rinehart. "She is an able rider, in certain respects, but if she were allowed to ride in regular races . . who'd be to blame if she were hurt?"

Kathy herself just went on training with her teammates on the U.S. equestrian jumping team. But Judy Johnson, a hardy trainer of jumping horses who was licensed to ride among men in steeplechases during World War II and whose case was cited by Kathy's lawyer, said she thought girls weren't meant for "breaking out of the gate on a racehorse." In a steeplechase, she said, for

continued



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one thing, "You don't get hit in the face with dirt."

Maybe so, but opinion is no substitute for performance. Miss Kusner is to be applauded for her perseverance.

K. C. INCENTIVE

When Charles O. Finley's Athletics inhabited Kansas City, one of his complaints was that he could not sell enough season tickets. So he moved to Oakland, where he is not selling enough season tickets.

Ewing Kauffman, whose Kansas City Royals are replacing Finley's failure, has already sold 6,334 season tickets for 1969 in less than three weeks of effort. In 1967, Finley's last year, only 3,411 season tickets were sold, and the most he ever sold was 5,700 in 1966.

For Kauffman, who has become a multimillionaire as president of the Marion Laboratories, the key to success in baseball as well as in pharmaceuticals is "incentive." He has set up a point system, with one point for each season ticket renewed and additional points for new ticket purchases. Everyone who scores 100 points—36 Kansas City businessmen so far—is made a member of the Royal Lancers Club. A Royal Lancer and his guests are entitled to exclusive restaurant and lounge privileges at the park, a pass to all American League games and a jet flight at Kauffman's expense to Fort Meyers, Fla. next winter for a look at the Royals in spring training. The Royals will also recognize BankAmericards for ticket purchases. People in outlying towns can charge tickets at their banks and pick them up at the ball park before the game.

Kauffman predicts a sale of 10,000 season tickets during his drive, and he probably won't even have to bring in a mule.

CHAINING THE CLOCK

Last year two and a half hours was a pretty long college football game. In the first week of this season several games stretched out beyond three hours, and coaches in most parts of the country reported that their teams spent 10 to 15 more minutes on the field and got in about that many more plays.

One of the reasons for the general prolongation was obvious: more passing and more scoring, which meant the clock was stopped more often. A less obvious but perhaps more significant factor was a new rule, which kills the clock after

continued

Peter Racanello just invested $7,898 through Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis.

As far as we're concerned, Pete Racanello just became a member of the family.

So we'll try to treat him like one.

First thing we did was to sit down with Pete and find out everything we could about him.

It wasn't a quickie interview.

We tried to find out what Pete really wanted his money to do. Where he would like to be financially—two, five, ten years from now. What the possible risks were. And how well advised Pete was to take them. What he was really interested in: growth, income, what?

And, now that he's with us, we hope Pete Racanello will get to know us better, too.

We'll spend a lot of time with him, so he'll see just how we think. He'll learn about the kind of stocks that interest Paine, Webber. The kind we don't even want to deal in. The kind of research we provide.

He's likely to learn, too, as many other customers at Paine, Webber do, that when we're asked for advice, we're not going to pussyfoot.

Working closely with our customers is the way we like to operate. When someone does business with Paine, Webber, we like to feel he's joined the family for good.



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50% Quintess™ polyester, a Phillips 66 fiber, 50% combed cotton. That's what makes Allen-A "Dittos" Permanent Press briefs better. Shrink resistant. Wrinkle free. If you want a leg band that doesn't sag and a waist-band to stay where it belongs after washing that's the way it's got to be.

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every first down. Time is out while the chains are moved—which can take as long as 15 seconds on a long first-down play.

In some conferences there was concern that longer games would tire fans out. The Pacific Eight sent a bulletin to officials after the first weekend "encouraging" them to speed things up by blowing the whistle as soon as the scrimmage-line marker is set, rather than waiting for both chain men to get situated. Elsewhere, however, there were no complaints. "I don't know yet whether I like the rule," said Ohio State's Woody Hayes, "but the fans sure should. They get to see that much more football."

The more time-outs, the more plays, the more plays, the more scoring and passing, the more scoring and passing, the more time-outs. This year college football may never end.

ON SWITCHING

Just for the information of those who may be making a study of right- and left-handedness—or who may be having trouble hitting a golf ball very far:

Six Australian Davis Cup stars of the '50s and early '60s have now taken up golf. The three who play left-handed tennis—Neale Fraser, Rod Laver and Mervyn Rose—are right-handed golfers. The three who play right-handed tennis—Ashley Cooper, Mal Anderson and Roy Emerson—are left-handed golfers.

The principle, presumably, is the same that makes a right-handed thrower in baseball (Mickey Mantle, for instance) hit with more power left-handed. The stronger arm leads the swing.

THEY SAID IT

• Randy Matson, shotputter, conceding that a world record is possible in his event at Mexico City: "I've heard the shot travels one-sixteenth of an inch farther at 7,300 feet than at sea level."

• Jerry Krause, former University of Minnesota tennis star, now a specialist-four with the Army and the new Fort Leavenworth post tournament singles champion after eliminating a colonel, a lieutenant colonel and a captain: "I expect orders for Vietnam any day now."

• Mickey Lolich, motorcyclist and the Detroit Tigers' No. 2 pitcher, after Organist Denny McLain won 30 games: "How could I be a 30-game winner? How could I ride a motorcycle on the *Ed Sullivan Show*?" **END**

RUM SOUR
– how to make it

The first sour was a rum sour, made in Puerto Rico 50 years before the *Mayflower*. Still unsurpassed.

1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum, 1 oz. lemon juice & 1 tsp. sugar (or use prepared mix). Shake with crushed ice, strain into sour glass.

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 7, 1968

LEROY ON THE LOOSE

With the Golden Dome and Pet O'Brien and those screaming thousands at South Bend it looked like e setup for Notre Dame, but coldly professional Purdue and its red-hot halfback turned the Irish rooters green

by DAN JENKINS



Maybe the Vatican ought to consider banning Purdue instead of the Pill. Maybe Purdue is the hugest, fleetest, calmest, most skilled football team that ever tromped through the Indiana sycamores. Maybe Leroy Keyes is the greatest quadruple threat since Mt. Rushmore. And maybe Notre Dame would be better off trying to win one for Ara Parseghian instead of the Gipper. These and various other sinister thoughts are to be weighed now that the Boilermakers have put it on the Fighting Irish twice in a row in a great big Poll Bowl that brings out the Rockne in everybody.

Last week the whole scene was set up perfectly for Notre Dame. The Irish were at home, all nestled comfortably in that cavern of devotion known as the Notre Dame Stadium, and they had a running game that they lacked last year to go along with Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour, the Mr. Fling and Mr. Cling of more glorious days, and the weather was perfect, clear and sport-jackety comfortable, and Pat O'Brien had spoken at the Friday night pep rally and done his Gipper thing, and Notre Dame wanted these Purdue people badly because of last year's loss. There were even large

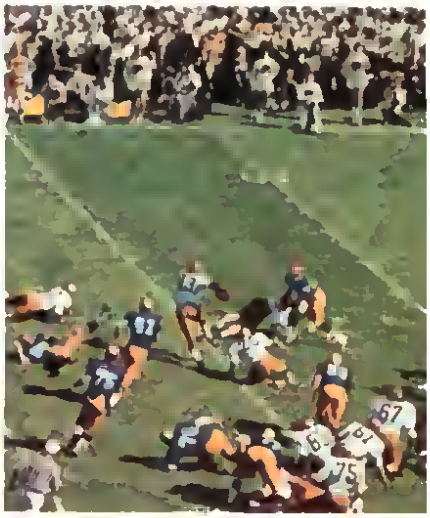
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Uncatchable Keyes looks to his right a second before cutting sharply to the left and into the clear for touchdown that gives Purdue the lead.











signs and banners strewn around the campus commanding Parseghian's legions to do some very un-Catholic things to Purdue—and the Golden Girl, too.

But there was just one thing wrong with all of this. Purdue goes to South Bend like it goes to the drugstore. If it were any other group of players, terror would have enveloped them, as it did Oklahoma on the previous week, and the Irish would have run them all the way to Elkhart. That is what happens at South Bend. An unknowing visiting quarterback looks for a receiver, and he sees Rockne in the clouds. A runner darts around end and the Four Horsemen slap at his shoe tops, tripping him. A pass receiver reaches up to latch onto a down-and-out, and suddenly the ball coming toward him is Frank Leahy's grinning face with a halo over it. But none of this happens to a Boilermaker.

He comes from two hours down the road, and he is a tall, thick, brooding, nonchalant fellow who has heard the Notre Dame fight song so much he thinks it's a deodorant commercial. He has been to South Bend, that service-station stop off the Indiana toll road. He knows he has got a lot of help out there with him, unbothered, unmoved guys like himself: a ferocious, fearsome foursome on defense to make Terry Hanratty throw a wobbler off his front foot; a cool quarterback named Mike Phipps who can take a football and knock a face guard off a man's headgear at 40 yards, and, best of all, Leroy Keyes, who will run, throw, catch, defend and smile at you as he does it all.

In the presence of 59,075 last Saturday, and millions of others on an ABC-TV regional telecast that was practically national (it was wired into 56% of the country), the Boilermakers looked almost bored before the kickoff. Here were the Irish leaping around pounding each other while *that song* bent the heavens, but over there stood the Purdues, hands on hips across the field, and some of them playing catch. These Boilermakers, they come to South Bend and they make the Poll Bowl, for goodness sake, look like an opening game against Virginia.

In the space of a 3½-minute portion of the second quarter last Saturday, before Notre Dame even had time to wake up the echoes, the Boilermakers scored 20 points and put the game out of reach of Parseghian, Hanratty, Seymour, Pat O'Brien or anybody else. A lot of freaky stuff took place thereafter, but Purdue moved to a 23–7 lead in that span, as Keyes ran, passed, caught, etc., and you knew that if the Boilermakers could avoid going to sleep from their nonchalance, it was really all over.

By then several things had been established. Mike Phipps could throw a pass to his splendid end, Bob Dillingham, just any time he wanted to, because Notre Dame was double-covering Keyes physically and giving him 11-man coverage psychologically. Dillingham, who had been beaten out of his job the week before, ended up catching 11 passes for 147 yards and two touchdowns. Keyes, despite all the defensive attention lavished upon him, could run wide almost at will, which he did twice for touchdowns and a few more times, too, getting 90 yards in all. And Leroy could catch a big third-down pass from Phipps if needed, even with a couple of the Fighting Irish grasping at his arms before, during and after the ball's arrival, or meander out to his left and loft a neat up-and-over pass to Dillingham for one of those touchdowns.

"There was never any question whether we could move the ball. We knew that," said the baby-faced Phipps, who beat the Irish last year as a sophomore. "Their secondary was young. We knew we'd beat 'em. All we wondered was whether our defense could hold 'em."

The defense not only held Notre Dame when necessary, it made the big plays—an interception and a fumble recovery—which set in motion the 20-point barrage that ultimately led to the slightly misleading final score of 37–22. The Purdue defense had moments of letting down and allowing the Irish runners to burst into an open secondary and look niftier and speedier than they are. But the defense would recover in time to catch them after five or six yards, because the thick-legged Notre Dame backs lack the balance and moves to scurry away. Hit hard, they do. But run far, they don't. And then the Boilermakers, as if brought to life by the realization that Notre Dame was getting close, would apply the pressure to Hanratty and force him to throw the bad ball on a key down. Six times they reared up to stop Notre Dame inside their own 30-yard line when it meant something. A couple of times this defense, which is directed by a very agile

continued



What Keyes (23) does to a defense is seen in these two plays. At left he takes a pitchout from Phipps (15), turns downfield, slows as Phipps blocks the defensive back in, then cuts outside and is off to a touchdown. Just two minutes later (right) Keyes starts on a play that looks much the same and Notre Dame's alarmed deep defenders move up to stop him, momentarily neglecting End Bob Dillingham (at far right). And so

middle guard named Chuck Kyle, came close to turning Hanratty passes into Purdue touchdowns. "If Hanratty has a chance to set up and throw off his right foot he's accurate," Kyle said after the game. "But if you press him he throws a wobbly ball." And then on occasion, even when Hanratty threw well, Leroy Keyes was in the game on defense, and that was bad for Notre Dame. Keyes covered Jim Seymour quite tightly when Hanratty was restricted to only three or four seconds to release a pass. Leroy squirted in front of Seymour once and had a Hanratty pass in his hands with 85 yards of bright sunshine before him, but he jiggled it and dropped it. Had he managed that interception, it would have made the score 30–7 with the game not half over.

This was one of several opportunities Purdue missed to raise the score far higher than merely the most points ever run up on a Notre Dame team that was rated No. 1. It is true the Irish had some opportunities themselves. They would have had to in a game that produced more than 900 yards of total offense and 55 first downs. But Purdue had the most. The Boilermakers once moved 72 yards to the Irish eight and did not score, and they also were foiled at the Notre Dame 17- and 19-yard lines.

The game started out very much like the type of contest Poll Bowl fans expect. Purdue drove to a 3–0 lead, and Notre Dame, with its runners getting their best openings of the day, came back to go ahead 7–3. But Purdue immediately went 74 yards for the touchdown that made it 10–7, with Keyes doing the scoring from 16 yards away on a pitch to the left, a cut, a head fake and in—untouched.

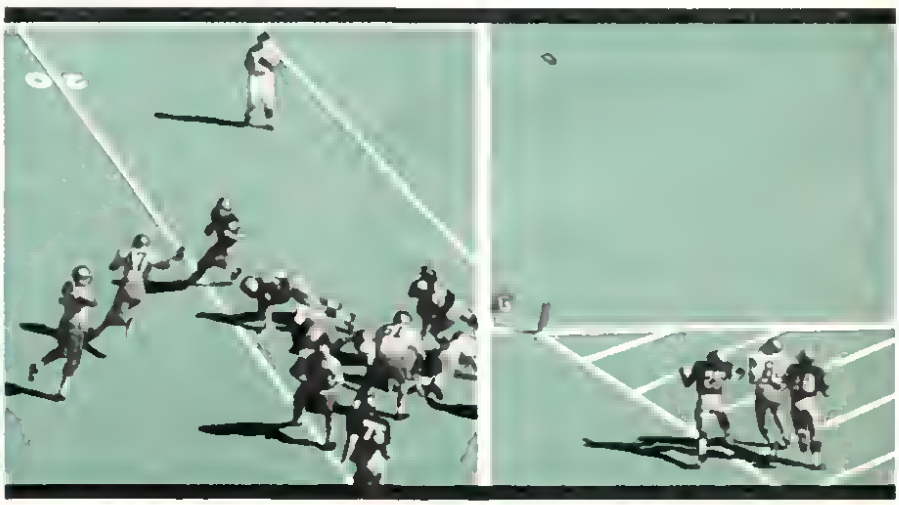
About now you had time to remember something Phipps had said the day before the game. "The last team to get the ball may win," he had noted, reflecting on the 28–21 victory he engineered in 1967. But this was the moment Purdue's groaning defense decided to wake up. The front four guys, who have such names as Billy McKoy, Bill Yanchar, Dennis Wirgowski and Alex Davis, who range in weight from 210 to 272 and who have an average height of 6′ 4″, started playing volleyball with the Notre Dame backs. Bop. Interception at the Irish 30. Three plays later: Keyes starting off on that same play to the left, and this time Notre Dame isn't going to let him run for a touchdown, no, by Ara, not again, so Keyes is lobbing a 17-yard scoring pass to Dillingham. Bop. Fumble at the Irish 41. Two plays later: Phipps to Dillingham. Another touchdown.

One more contribution from the defense later—another interception—gave Purdue the ball at Notre Dame's 31, and this time it took the Boilermakers just two plays to get in. Perry Williams did it from 18 yards out, using the same play Keyes scored on.

Purdue's offense is basic. Phipps stands in a pocket that wouldn't crumble if the National Guard went at it. His receivers just do a little hook or cross the middle and they are open and he hits them. Keyes runs a pitch either way. A bull of a fullback, Williams, is in there to butt people down straight ahead. And Jim Kirkpatrick, the other halfback, will come off tackle now and then. That's all. About four or five plays, but brilliantly executed with the power, speed and confidence of, well, pros.

The whole Purdue offense is built around Keyes and what he will do when he sets up as the deep back in a slot I or in an I formation with flankers and split ends. It is built around the threat of Keyes running a sweep to either side, a sweep on which he might go wide, cut inside or throw a pass. Keyes, who is 6′ 3″ and 205, generally takes a quick pitch from Mike Phipps and lopes slowly out to the side, with some definite idea in mind of what he will do. But everything can change with the blocking, or the reaction of the cornerback. The play that he scored his first touchdown on sounds like a fouled-up computer trying to respond to the capital of Rhode Island. It is called X-Strong Left 21 Toss. Which means: Keyes runs left and either keeps or passes, but hopefully keeps. When Leroy started to his left, End Bob Dillingham took out the Notre Dame safety, and Keyes saw that Mike Phipps was going to handle the cornerback, so he cut inside, kind of wiggled, cut outside and went for the touchdown.

On Keyes's scoring pass to Dillingham



. Keyes suddenly comes to a half stop, rises up and throws a high pass to Dillingham (82), who seems to be sandwiched between Notre Dame defenders Ernie Jackson (25) and Tom Quinn (19). Actually, he is slightly ahead of them. As the ball comes down the defensive back can only dive in vain. The result? Same as on the other play—touchdown, Purdue.

only two minutes and 19 seconds later, Phipps spoke almost the same words in the huddle. X-Strong Left 21 Toss *Pass*. Leroy went ambling out to his left in the same fashion. But this time he hesitated a moment and then sent a high, rainbow pass over the dark blue Notre Dame jerseys that came down as if directed by a control tower into Bob Dillingham's outstretched hands.

It is all a beautiful combination for Purdue. Notre Dame found, as others might, that when it doubled up on Keyes, Dillingham caught the passes. When it concentrated on forcing Keyes to run, he would throw. And when it kept him from throwing, he would run. It found that Phipps can throw the ball exactly where orders from the bench tell him to, and that other Purdue backs can run, particularly when Keyes is split far out on the flank as a combination passing target and nerve shredder.

Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf, a 62-year-old throwback to earlier days in the business, says that the explanation for this imposing combination of system and athletes—indeed for Purdue's emergence as a consistent power these last few seasons—is as simple as X-Strong Left 21 Toss. Organization, says Jack. He loves his staff, which can coach and recruit equally well, and he lets it do most of the work. Bob DeMoss, for example, is totally in charge of the offense, plotting it in workouts and then calling the plays for Phipps from the bench. And Purdue has learned something about recruiting. First: cover the whole country. Get a Leroy Keyes from down in Newport News, Va., a Mike Phipps from Ohio, a Jim Kirkpatrick from North Carolina and a Chuck Kyle from Kentucky.



Nor does it hurt anything that Purdue happens to have a university president, Frederick Hovde, who would gleefully relish running interference for Leroy Keyes. Hovde is a frequenter of Purdue practices, watching intensely and chatting with Jack Mollenkopf when the coach happens to be on the sidelines instead of up in the tower where he spends most of his time silently surveying all. Hovde has gone around saying such things as, "The coaching staff does the best job of teaching of anyone on the faculty," and, "If Jack Mollenkopf goes, I'll go with him."

Since Mollenkopf has never really been regarded, until lately, as one of the Big Ten's coaching pillars, this attitude of Hovde's has not harmed his confidence, sense of security or relationship with his staff. "You have to have that kind of man behind you," Mollenkopf says. "He trusts me, and I trust my assistants. Trust 'em and depend on 'em. They are the best in the country."

"We have changed our philosophy a little, too," says Mollenkopf. "We used to look at a kid who hit hard and say, 'There's a headhunter. He's our kind.' But now we look for two things: speed and *potential* size. Fast ones that will grow. It doesn't do any good to be a headhunter if you can't catch the head."

So Purdue is maturing. You remember how Purdue used to be, an in-and-out team that came up with a Len Dawson or a Dale Samuels. The Boilermakers sprang the big upset occasionally, but were rarely a Big Ten winner and never in the Rose Bowl. Then Mollenkopf found Bob Griese a few seasons back, and Purdue was challenging. It just missed the Big Ten title with Griese, but it did get into the Rose Bowl finally. And then last year, with these Goliaths coming up in the line and Keyes and Phipps, it just missed being No. 1 by blowing a couple to Oregon State and Indiana. Keyes, for one, says Purdue will not blow one this time.

"We got the manpower and the depth and the attitude. We can be a great team. I've thought all along that this could be the best team in Purdue's history," Keyes was saying in South Bend. "We don't break up chairs in the locker room or pound on the lockers before a game. We just know we can do the job," added Phipps.

Purdue did the job against Notre Dame because it is a far stronger team than the Irish, who are too inexperienced on defense and still lack the breakout runner. Parseghian felt Purdue was a fine team before the game, and he certainly felt so afterward. "They're really skilled," he said. "They have that knack for making the yardage they need." Which is true. On third down and long or third and medium, Purdue had the play all afternoon. No less than five times Phipps succeeded in such situations.

"And we don't," Ara added. "A passer like Phipps can hit his receiver just at the right time, and he did it all day. We'd be an eyelash away, but Dillingham or Keyes would catch the ball. They're poised and powerful. And I'll have to say again that I haven't seen a back who can do so many things as well as Keyes. I'm glad we've seen the last of him."

Everybody is goofy over Keyes in the Midwest, of course. Mollenkopf was saying over and over, in a voice he would have liked for all Heisman Trophy voters to hear, "By golly, if a player anywhere can do more, I'd like to know where he is." USC thinks he is in California, of course, and that his name is O. J. Simpson. Since Purdue beat Notre Dame there was plenty of reason for Purdue people to think they might win the Big Ten and go to the Rose Bowl, where Keyes and Simpson could meet.

Leroy Keyes thought about that, while explaining that he had not really played very well against the Irish. "I'm not on it yet," was the way he put it, slipping into his glen-plaid suit with vest and closing up an attaché case like a banker. "If we're fortunate, and if we don't have any letdowns and make it to California, that would sure be good. I'd like to play against Simpson. I think it would be something to see."

So Leroy Keyes winds up being a quintriple threat. Run, throw, catch, defend and make understatements. But that's how it is when you're a calm, casual Boilermaker spending a few hours in funny, familiar old South Bend. **END**

MR. RIGHT WINS FOR DR. FAGER

The Woodward was supposed to settle a few scores among those who might enter, but when a 10-to-1 shot beat Damascus it made Doc champion of the handicap division and probably Horse of the Year **by WHITNEY TOWER**

As a race of championship stature the Woodward had endured for a decade without any earth-shattering surprises. It is as much of a true test as this country can serve up in a fall classic—a mile and a quarter under weight-for-age conditions. So there is little wonder that such runners as Sword Dancer, Kelso, Gun Bow, Buckpasser and Damascus can list a winning Woodward as an eye-catcher on their records. It may be a young race but it is nonetheless a classic, and for weeks before last Saturday's 15th running at Belmont Park, the 1968 Woodward promised to be the race of the year. That is, if it brought together Damascus (victor a year ago over Buckpasser and Dr. Fager) and Dr. Fager in their fifth meeting.

But Dr. Fager, whose trainer, Johnny Nerud, thinks he is *already* Horse of the Year, spent Saturday afternoon idly in his Belmont stall a furlong or so away from the crowd of 42,313 in the packed stands. Defending champion Damascus, solid but sleek and accompanied by his nuzzling stable pony Duffy, showed up as scheduled to face three brave but apparently foolish challengers. The fans heckled his jockey, Braulio Baeza, in the walking ring and then sent off Mrs. Thomas Bancroft's 4-year-old as the 1-to-10 choice. A slow two minutes and three seconds after the gate sprung, the 1968 Woodward became the Shocking Surprise of the Year. Damascus, hanging badly for the last 16th of a mile and overconfidently ridden by Baeza, was nosed out in a photo by the 10-to-1 shot, Mr. Right. This might have been understandable in a handicap in which Damascus would have to give away gobs of weight to his rivals. But it was stunning in a race in which all four starters carried 126 pounds. So stunning, indeed, that if horses could laugh the way they do on television, Dr. Fager would have a case of sore sides from giggling his way to a title without even working up a sweat or feeling a saddle on his back. For he, not Damascus, is the new champion of the handicap division.

Some will say that this Woodward was a disappointment because the best horse did not win. Others will say that the best horse would have won had he brought along his stablemate, the "rabbit" Hedevar, to assure a lickety-split early pace and set the scene for a one-run surge by Damascus in the stretch. And still others will claim Dr. Fager picked the wrong day to stay in the barn because he could have cashed in on the slowpoke pace to beat both Damascus and Mr. Right by 10 easy lengths. Well, the truth of the matter is that on this particular day—given a wonderful ride by Heliodoro Gustines—Mr. Right *was* the best horse and should properly be credited with a fine triumph.

Shortly after lunch on Woodward day Tom Bancroft went to Barn 16 to confer with Damascus' trainer, Frank Whiteley. All was so shipshape there that Whiteley suggested to Bancroft they scratch the pace-making Hedevar. "He's been used pretty good this year," Whiteley said. "I hope we don't need him and that Damascus can win on his own for a change." Bancroft returned to his box and told his friends, "Hedevar is all right. We scratched him because we don't need him—we hope!"

Farther down the aisle, dressed in the sort of dark blue suit that shows up nicely in winner's circles, sat a nervous young trainer, Evan Shipman Jackson. A former jump rider, he was named for his late uncle, the renowned racing writer Evan Shipman, and he trains Mr. Right for his owner, Mrs. Peter Duchin, wife of the orchestra leader. "We'll need all the luck we can get," Evan was saying, "but strange things happen in horse racing. At equal weights Damascus looks like he has a lock on this race, but none of his last few races has been easy for him. When he got beat by that 3-year-old, Nodouble, in Detroit two weeks ago, it proved he wasn't invincible. Whether any of these in here today are good enough to do the job I don't know, but I do know that my horse has never been better than he is right now."

Soon after Gus Ring's Grace Born spurted to an early lead, the Woodward settled into a virtual match race between Mr Right and Damascus. They ran head on head for more than half a mile—and this is not the way Damascus runs his best races. In fact, every time his riders have chosen to let him settle into a long duel, no matter what the pace, Damascus has come out second best. His game has always been to come from off the pace with one big run, and nobody knows this better than Baeza. "But the trouble was that everybody took back and created a very slow pace," he said later. "We were running close together and Damascus tensed up." One can only assume that had Hedevar—or any other sprinter—been in the race, the field wouldn't have lolled its way through the half mile in :47 2/5, the six furlongs in 1:11 3/5 and the mile in 1.37.

Mr. Right, on the inside, and Damascus by his side traded the lead a couple of times along the way, but in the stretch it was the underdog, with Gustines crouched low and riding his heart out, who turned out to be the more tenacious. Baeza, guilty of one of his few atrocious rides in Damascus' defeat in Detroit, erred through overconfidence, and then failed to produce a driving finish. Damascus had a head lead at the eighth pole but hung from the 16th pole home; the champ lost because he and his rider deserved to lose

And just who is Mr. Right? Well, he's



At the end of more than half a mile of head-to-head battle, Damascus fails to pull away from Mr Right (3) and loses the Woodward by a nose.

like the fellow who comes to all the dances but isn't much noticed because the glamour boys wind up with all the beautiful girls. The comparison isn't always apt, however. Last winter, after losing four straight at Santa Anita, he won the Santa Anita Handicap and paid $41.80. Although he has won only 13 races in his 55 lifetime starts over four seasons, he has been in the first three 32 times and has earned $480,671. Only two Woodwards have been won in slower time than Mr. Right's 2.03 last Saturday, but the Peter Duchins and Evan Jackson couldn't care less. Theirs was the distinction of having the first New York-bred ever to win a $100,000 stakes race (the Santa Anita Handicap), and now their 5-year-old, one of only 128 registered New York foals of 1963 (Kentucky had 3,270 foals that year, California 2,241), has made the Woodward his second.

The Duchins do not go to the track to see their horse run these days. "We went a few years ago when Mr. Right was favored to win a stakes race at Aqueduct," says Peter, "and he ran so badly I thought we must have been a jinx, so now we don't go. We send my in-laws." Father-in-law George Zauderer started all this a few years ago when Duchin became engaged to his daughter, Cheray. Owner-breeder Zauderer had some foals at Trainer Tom Waller's farm in Bedford Hills, N.Y., a community that is not about to push Newmarket or Lexington off the horse-breeding map. One day, some months before they were married, Cheray was showing Duchin around the farm and, as she put it the evening after the Woodward victory, "this foal came over to Peter, and it was love at first sight for both of them. He put his head in Peter's lap and went to sleep!" The young colt was by a son of Count Fleet named Auditing (since deceased) and out of the Tehran mare La Grecque. Auditing was a half-brother to Busanda, the dam of Buckpasser, and Tehran, a son of Bois Roussel, was a St. Leger winner. This kind of breeding *would* look good at Newmarket or Lexington, and it looks absolutely smashing at Bedford Hills, N.Y. It looked even better for Peter and Cheray when Zauderer gave them the colt as a wedding present. After parting with Tom Waller as trainer, the couple took on Evan Jackson last year, and Mr. Right (whose name is taken from the title of a 1963 *Esquire* article on Duchin) has been just right for all of them ever since.

Only a spectacular collapse by Dr. Fager and an even more spectacular comeback by Damascus can now deprive Dr. Fager of his Horse of the Year title. Trainer Nerud, who has a habit of changing his mind every few days, has not ruled out the possibility of sending Dr. Fager in the Man o' War (a mile-and-a-half on grass on Oct. 19) against Damascus and probably Advocator, Fort Marcy and Tobin Bronze. Or he may elect to go for the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago on the same day. Even the Laurel International on Nov. 11th cannot be ruled out for Dr. Fager. Damascus has already accepted the invitation of Laurel President John Schapiro, and Nerud has declined. "But," says Schapiro, "we'll leave the door open until at least after the Man o' War—if he wants to change his mind."

Damascus would have to whip Dr. Fager at least once to get back in the running for the title. "He is still sound," says Whiteley. "The only thing hurting is his pride. What about next year? I'd like to see the Bancrofts breed him to a few mares and let him come back to the races next fall. There do not seem to be many top 3-year-olds coming up, and if Dr. Fager retires who will there be to beat?"

By then, by golly, if he too has not been retired to stud, it just might be Mr. Right's turn again. **END**

BIG TIP OF A KAPP TO DOOLEY'S DEFENSE

For the first time this year, Coach Jim Dooley saw his Bears get tough as the team stopped Joe Kapp and the surprising Vikings by TEX MAULE

The Chicago Bears, a disorganized, inept group that in its first two games of the 1968 season had looked more like the Midgets than the Monsters of the Midway, rose from the dead last week. Their resurrection came at the expense of the Minnesota Vikings, a club whose performance this season had been the exact opposite of Chicago's. While the Bears were losing by thumping scores to Washington (38–28) and to Detroit (42–0), the Vikings, playing with style and dash behind the cool, crisp leadership of Canadian import Joe Kapp, had demolished Atlanta (47–7) and had beaten the World Champion Green Bay Packers (26–13). On the face of it, the game in bright, chilly Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn. seemed a major mismatch. So, of course, the Bears won 27–17.

Chicago had numerous heroes. Jack Concannon, who had been erratic in the first two games, was deadly in this one. He threw 12 passes and completed nine for 103 yards and one touchdown. He also carried the ball four times for 25 yards before he was injured on a run in the second quarter. Gale Sayers, easily the most fascinating runner in pro football, skittered through the befuddled Viking defense like a demented waterbug for 108 yards and a touchdown. Rudy Bukich, Concannon's replacement, lasted only briefly before he, too, was injured early in the third period. But Larry Rakestraw, who had completed five passes to Detroit the week before, came in and completed four out of four for 44 yards, leading the Bears on a long drive for the clinching touchdown.

Heroes aside, the biggest reason the Bears beat the Vikings was the fertile mind of the bespectacled young man who celebrated his nomination as Chicago head coach by pouring $25,000 in cash out of a sack at a team picnic a few weeks ago, to impress his players with the rewards available for winning the NFL title and the Super Bowl.

Jim Dooley, the 38-year-old who succeeded 73-year-old George Halas after the 1967 season, is a tall, scholarly man who looks more like a high school mathematics teacher than the coach of a professional football team. Since he once was a math teacher in Miami, this is perhaps unsurprising. He was the first draft choice of the Bears in 1952, and played nine years as an offensive end and defensive halfback.

He became an assistant to Halas in 1962 and worked with the offense through 1965, when the Chicago club set a team record by scoring 409 points. Halas, figuring that anyone who could devise a way to score that many points might also be capable of devising a way to stifle such an offense, switched him to defense. He was a success, but last week—on the eve of the Viking game—his woebegone features testified eloquently to the fact that his vaunted defense had already yielded a shocking 80 points in the first two games of the season.

"When I was named head coach," he said, "the first thing I said was that this team would live or die on its defense.

"I am not quite sure what has happened to us," he went on. "There have been some fundamental breakdowns, and the teams we have played have used some different offensive sets, sets we were not accustomed to. They used a slotback offensive quite a lot [an offense in which one of the running backs is set out as a wingback to one side or the other, putting four receivers at or near the line of scrimmage in good position for a quick pass]. We did not react well to it. I will make some adjustments in the defense for next year, but it is too late to do anything about it now. We'll just have to go with what we have."

Dooley's primary contribution to the pro football philosophy of defense came last season when he began substituting a defensive back for a linebacker where a pass seemed likely.

The Dooley defense was extraordinarily sticky during the latter part of the 1967 season.

"In the last half of the season only 36% of our opponents' passes were completed," Dooley said.

The system is designed to shut off both long and short passes, unlike the popular prevent defense used by most clubs when they have a narrow lead late in the game.

"In 1966 I got tired of watching quarterbacks like Starr and Unitas pick the conventional defenses apart with short passes," Dooley said. "I studied the game pictures between seasons and I found out that in our two games with the San Francisco 49ers they threw a hundred passes against us, and half of them were thrown six yards or less."

Dooley applied his mathematical experience to the problem. "In the prevent, with a three-man rush, everyone drops off to kill the bomb," he said. "In our defense with four men on the line and a back and two linebackers behind it, we can do anything. We use all kinds of blitzes from it—both linebackers, cornerback, safety. When it is done properly, it can keep an offense off balance."

As Dooley introduced the defense last year and as the Bears have played it so far this season, the fifth defensive back is inserted in the game on second or third down and long yardage, or in any situation in which Dooley is convinced the odds favor a pass.

"In those situations," he said, "you can figure that the offensive team will throw the ball 80% of the time. If they run, that's what you want them to do because it is unlikely that they will gain enough yards for a first down."

In the debacle against the Lions, the Dooley defense did not get a true test, since Concannon and Rakestraw between them threw eight interceptions. Against the Vikings, their passing was impeccable.

The Dooley defense, given an operable

offense, stuck to the coach's percentage plays with spectacular success. On the first Minnesota series, with second down and eight yards to go, Joe Kapp dropped back to pass from the Chicago 34-yard line, peering hopefully at the Bear defenders. A full blitz from the Dooley set dropped him for a 10-yard loss and forced a fumble on the Bear 44, which was recovered by John Johnson, a Chicago tackle. The Bears marched in for their first score. Late in the first quarter, trailing by two touchdowns, the Vikings mounted another putative drive behind Kapp, who was having considerable difficulty saving his skin against the tremendous rush. With second and 10 on the Bear 42 and the fifth back on the field again, Kapp tried to cross the Bears by running Clinton Jones on a sweep, but Linebacker Doug Buffone and Safetyman Richie Petitbon came across the line fast to drop Jones for a yard loss. With third and 11, the Dooley defense was still operative, and this time Kapp, with Bears surrounding him, threw an incomplete pass in the flat.

On third and 10 on the next Viking series Buffone was the lead man in a blitz from the Bear special defense and this time he dropped the hapless Kapp for a 10-yard loss. Late in the third period, on one of his few successful sorties, Kapp marshaled the Vikings to the Bear 35-yard line, but he found himself facing third and 10 and again a Bear defensive back trotted on the field to relieve a linebacker. Rushed, Kapp was bumped and his long, wobbly pass to Fullback Bill Brown was intercepted by Petitbon on the Bear nine-yard line and returned to the 27.

It was an enormously successful afternoon for the Dooley defense. Yet, the victory may have been a Pyrrhic one for the Bears. Concannon has a broken collarbone and will be out for a long time and Bukich has a slight shoulder sprain, leaving Rakestraw the only healthy quarterback on the club. It was a disheartening game for the Vikings, but there were bright spots in the running of Fullback Bill Brown and Gary Cuozzo's fourth-period performance as a relief pitcher, when he engineered two touchdowns. He completed four of four passes for 69 yards, giving him seven straight for the season.

And Kapp, the big, tough California graduate who came to the Vikings after eight years in the Canadian league, took his beating stoically. He met one of the most confusing defenses in modern football. It is no discredit to him that he could not solve it immediately.

The Bear victory, coupled with Green Bay's 23–17 loss to the resurgent Detroit Lions, leaves Detroit and Minnesota tied for first in what is undoubtedly the toughest of the four NFL divisions.

Since the Packers get a breather against Atlanta next week while Detroit and Minnesota settle the battle for first, it is probable that Green Bay will still be in easy striking range of the division title when the fourth game of the season is over. The Bears meet Baltimore, a team which could provide a sterner test of the Dooley defense than anything so far offered by either Minnesota or Green Bay.

The one thing that is perfectly apparent already is that this year, unlike last, the Packers have no cakewalk to even the division title. Any of the four teams could win. **END**



Unaware of the trouble behind him, Minnesota's Joe Kapp prepares for a pass he never threw

Great White Hope on the Great White Way

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY DE CARAVA



The American theater rarely presents a sports personality as the central figure of a serious drama, but it has now done so with "The Great White Hope" by Howard Sackler, which opened on Broadway this week. Starring James Earl Jones and with a cast of 60, the play closely follows the lurid career of Jack Johnson, the first Negro acknowledged as heavyweight champion of the world (he defeated Jim Jeffries on the Fourth of July 1910). For five years, until April 5, 1915 when he lost to Jess Willard in Havana, Johnson was hounded by promoters, sportswriters and fight fans thirsting for a White Hope. He easily defeated all their candidates, and many still believe he agreed to take a dive at Havana, in return for having a Mann Act conviction quashed. In depicting Johnson's good-humored defiance of the mores of his time, the play also reveals the corruption that permeated the boxing world then, as it often has since. If the play succeeds on Broadway, it may stimulate an exploration of sports themes for contemporary drama.





At the weigh-in before their championship fight, Johnson is snubbed by Jeffries. During training he relaxes with his white mistress, whose presence exacerbates the antagonism toward him



SCHOENDIENST READS A NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW ALOUD TO EILEEN, WIFE MARY, KEVIN, CATHLEEN AND COLLEEN

MANAGER OF THE MONEYMEN

Stubborn as a Missouri mule, the St. Louis Cardinals' Red Schoendienst has found the right way to run the world's highest-paid baseball club

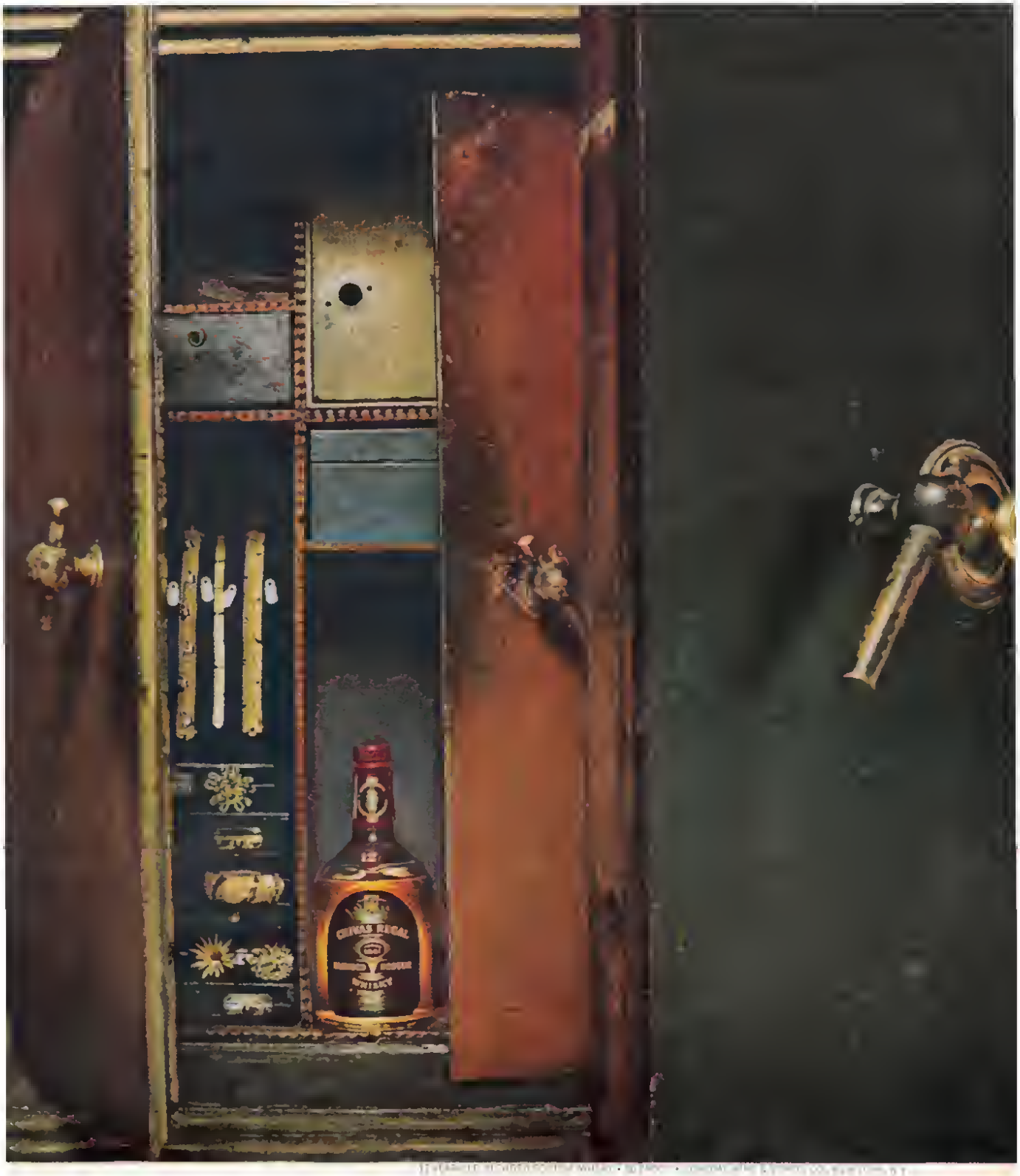
by ***WILLIAM LEGGETT***

The manager of the pennant-bound St Louis Cardinals sat behind the desk in his private office adjacent to the team clubhouse at Busch Memorial Stadium a few weeks ago, looking like the last of the angry 45-year-old men. Red Schoendienst bears a name which in German means *good service*, and he had just watched his team play two awful, losing games with the San Francisco Giants before a crowd of 46,000 people. Not only was their performance not good, he had told the Cardinals in so many well-chosen words, it was a service to nobody.

Even in troublous times Albert Fred (Red) Schoendienst does not blister a team in the manner of baseball's more celebrated firebrands. But he let the Cardinals have it this day, and they knew they deserved what they got As usual the argument was reasonable. If any of them felt that the field was in rotten shape, which it indeed was after being ripped by football and soccer games, why had it been used so well by the Giants? The magic number was down to nine. A combination of Cardinal wins and Giant losses that totaled nine would assure St. Louis of its second straight National League pennant. This, said Schoendienst, was all wrong Any team that was playing as badly as his should be penalized. The magic number should rise. End of reasonable argument.

As angry as Schoendienst was, it was plain that he regarded his players with a great amount of compassion. When they had all left he looked out at the vacant room and smiled. "They'll be mad at themselves now," he said He got up from his desk, took a can of Budweiser beer from the cooler and looked at the glossy, black-and-white pictures of the players hanging on the far wall "Aren't they something?" he asked "They make a heck of a lot of money, but when they're right they deserve every nickel of it." Wherever the Cardinals go, the subject of their salaries (*see cover*) always arouses a brisk debate. Some highly placed baseball people believe that by paying so well the Cardinals are undermining the very structure of baseball. "Almost every place I go," says General Manager Bing Devine, "someone will ask me how Dal Maxvill can be making $37,500 It really seems to bother people, but if you have seen the way he has played shortstop this year and how he gets himself involved in the good things we do, his salary won't amaze you."

continued



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GANT





The Cardinal stars have all come in for a great deal of credit over the past two pennant-winning seasons, but for some reason the work of Red Schoendienst has been either taken for granted or completely overlooked. Should the Cardinals win this Series, however, some sort of recognition is bound to occur. St. Louis will have become the only National League club to defend successfully as world champions since 1922. The man who accomplished that feat was John J. McGraw himself.

Rating major league managers is most often pure folly because owners and general managers work on the principle that when an old bus breaks down the first thing to do is shoot the driver. Purely from the standpoint of longevity, the most successful manager today, if not the best, is Walter Alston of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Only recently he signed his 16th consecutive one-year contract with Walter O'Malley. In that span of time no fewer than 120 major league managers have been hired and fired. Alston has lasted this long because he is as good a manager in 10th place as he is in first. His ways on the field are not flamboyant, but he makes moves during a game that are far more daring than his personality would seem to promise and he has stolen more than one pennant with a team whose abilities were questionable.

It is still too early to place Red Schoendienst in a class with Walter Alston, but the similarities between the two men are marked. Like Alston, Schoendienst has been given only one-year contracts with the Cardinals since signing his first one for the 1965 season. (Even during his four-year tenure almost 50 other managers have come and gone.) He is not glib when handling the press. His personality does not soar in victory as, say, Ralph Houk's of the Yankees, nor does he dive to crude and guttural expletives in defeat, as does the Giants' Herman Franks. Since the Cardinals have not been the kind of team that required tactical maneuvering, it remains to be seen whether Schoendienst could become a manipulator of the Gene Mauch, Eddie Stanky or Alvin Dark stripe. Most likely he could not. Schoendienst's chief managerial theories seem to be these: utilize speed to its best advantage, play the best players most often and stick with them during hard times and keep

continued



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the ones who do not play reasonably happy. Like most managers, he will occasionally build a doghouse, but he always keeps the back door to it open: you got yourself in, now get yourself out.

Not many managers have stayed with the Cardinals for more than four years, and only four unique men—Miller Huggins, Branch Rickey, Eddie Dyer and Billy Southworth—ever made it through five. For Cardinal Owner August A. (Gussie) Busch, picking Schoendienst was something of a gamble. His organization had been embarrassed by the resignation of Johnny Keane immediately after the Cards had won the 1964 World Series, and only a proven man, like Leo Durocher, was likely to allay the criticism—and then only if the appointee did as well as Keane had. Private citizens had put ads in the local papers proposing Schoendienst for the job, but Schoendienst, having steadfastly refused Cardinal offers to manage in the minors, was without experience. His stubbornness—the stubbornness, many think, of a fox—probably got him his job. His holdout was further proof of what many already believed: he has the nerve of five men. He has been that way all his life.

Red Schoendienst was born in Germantown, Ill. to a miner named Joseph and his hard-working Irish wife, Mary, as one of six redheaded sons and a blonde daughter. His first love was baseball and he was so good at it that when he played with other boys his age he was forced to handicap himself by batting left-handed. Any hopes he had in those early days of playing professional ball almost died when he was 16. He had joined the Civilian Conservation Corps, and one day a nail ricocheted into his left eyeball. Doctors thought that Schoendienst would lose the eye, but he refused to let them take it out. Finally he found a doctor who would agree with him. The eye, which has given him considerable trouble since, stayed. Shortly after his discharge from the CCC, he and his lifelong friend, Joe Linneman, heard that the Cardinals were holding tryouts. They hitched a ride to St. Louis, and on the first night of the tryouts Schoendienst, who had only 25¢ in his pocket, slept on a park bench. The next night he moved in with Linneman's aunt. But when the tryouts had ended, out of a crowd of 400,

continued

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only Linneman and a kid catcher named Joe Garagiola had contracts. Forlornly, Schoendienst went home.

He did not stay there long. No fewer than six scouts present at the workouts had given him excellent marks, but Joe Mathes, the chief scout, had been out of town. When he learned that Schoendienst had not been signed, he was furious. He drove to Germantown and signed Schoendienst the same day for $75 a month. Reporting to Manager Everett Johnson at Union City in the Kitty League, Schoendienst got eight hits in his first eight times at bat. His eye, however, bothered him and he asked Johnson's permission to switch-hit. "I guess he thought I was crazy," Schoendienst recalls, "but I couldn't see a righthander's curve without turning my head. I'll never forget that look on his face."

Schoendienst opened the next season at Lynchburg of the Piedmont League. After getting 17 hits in 36 times at bat, he was told to report to Manager Pepper Martin at Rochester of the International League. The Rochester team was in a horrendous losing streak. Schoendienst arrived at the Rochester clubhouse while Martin was hollering at the team. Timorously, he knocked. Martin opened the door and hollered, "We don't need any bat boys!" and slammed it in Schoendienst's face. Red knocked again. "I said," said Martin, "we don't need any bat boys." Schoendienst said, "I was sent up here from Lynchburg to play." Martin looked at him and said, "You must be that Shown . . . , Shewn . . . whatever your name is. I need men and they're sending me babies." All Schoendienst did for Martin, beside pronounce his name Schaindeenst, was lead the league in assists and putouts as a shortstop and hit .337. At 20 he became the second youngest batting champion in the history of the league. The youngest: Wee Willie Keeler. Martin developed a nickname for Schoendienst: "The Team."

The following May, Schoendienst was hitting .373 when he was called into the Army. Because of the condition of his eye, he was discharged on New Year's Day of 1945 and went to spring training with the Cardinals at Cairo, Ill. as a highly regarded shortstop, a commodity the Cards did not need, since they had a slight, graceful man at the position named Marty Marion. Eventually

continued



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Schoendienst ended up as the leftfielder and was the team's outstanding rookie.

When Stan Musial, Terry Moore and many other Cardinal heroes returned from service, it was doubted that Schoendienst would be a prominent man in the team's plans. How wrong the doubters were. Schoendienst remained to become one of the finest players of the modern era. He also became St. Louis' second most popular player. First was Stan Musial.

In a game often filled with petty jealousies, the relationship of Musial and Schoendienst was singular for its lack of ill feeling. On the road the two were roommates for 13 years, although as stars each could have roomed alone. If Red didn't drive Stan to the ball park during home stands, then Stan drove Red. When Musial is asked today what it was like, he laughs and says, "I guess we filled that room with hits."

Near the end of the 1947 season Red Schoendienst married Mary Eileen O'Reilly, a girl who attended church in the same St. Louis parish. There are few women with the strength, humor, talent—she has a rich and true singing voice—and forthrightness that Mary Schoendienst possesses.

The same day she married Red, Mary went to see him play, and Manager Dyer put him at third base. Early in the game a line drive almost took Schoendienst's head off. When Dyer congratulated Mary later, she said, "Thank you very much," and then with a smile on her face added, "Please get Red off third base before he gets killed."

In June of 1956 the Schoendiensts bought a house after Red, then 33, had assured his wife that he would continue to play in the majors until he was 40. He did not mention to her the fierce headaches he was suffering because of his bad eye, over which he occasionally was forced to wear a black patch. He also ignored an old shoulder injury that had become so bad that he secretly bought a glove for his right hand. He reasoned, stubbornly, that he could stay in the majors seven more years if he learned to throw left-handed.

Exactly one day after buying the new house and with his wife heavy with her third child, Schoendienst was traded to the New York Giants. He finished the season batting .302, but the next year Schoendienst was traded to Milwaukee.

continued





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where he led both leagues in hits (200) and was the basic reason why Milwaukee won their first pennant.

The following season Schoendienst was dragging. Although he had hit .300 for the Braves during a losing World Series, he felt as if "someone was holding me back when I tried to get out of the batter's box." On November 3rd Mary had their fourth child, and five days later Schoendienst was admitted to the hospital himself. He had tuberculosis. Everyone in baseball said he would never play again, but they did not know Albert Schoendienst. He put his watch over the bedpost, let it run down and never asked what time it was again. As in any run-of-the-mill fantasy, Schoendienst was cured eventually, returned to baseball, hit .300 and .301 as a pinchhitter during his last two full years and quit at 40 to fulfill his promise.

In the spring of 1962 he became a Cardinal coach under Johnny Keane. Named manager of the world championship team for 1965, Schoendienst was on the spot. Matters were not made any easier by the then general manager, Bob Howsam, whose miserly salary offers had outraged the players. By April 25th the dispirited Cards were in 10th place. On that Sunday morning Schoendienst had to walk to church in Cincinnati because there was a cab strike. Naturally, he had a cold and was caught in a cloudburst. When he got to Crosley Field, he found himself under a leaky roof and drenched again. Later, on a plane to Milwaukee—late, of course—a sliding cup of coffee doused Schoendienst's suit. It has been all uphill since.

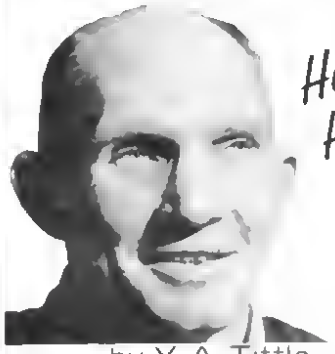
In his second year as manager the Cardinals entered a huge rebuilding program. Some of Schoendienst's headaches concerned putting a team together that would open the season in small Busch Stadium (formerly Sportsman's Park) and close it in big Busch Memorial Stadium. He was without a first baseman or a power hitter, and it looked as though the Cardinals were going nowhere but down until they finally got Orlando Cepeda in a trade. In July of that season the team sprang to life and rattled through the National League. If those who watched baseball carefully could not quite understand how the Cardinals were doing it, they at least no longer questioned Schoendienst's ability.

With the addition of Roger Maris in

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Standing Start—25, 50, 75, 100, 200, 250, 300, 400 and 500 miles

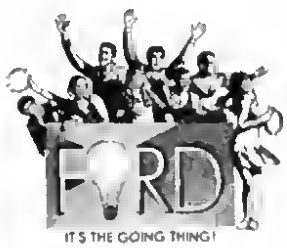
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Standing Start—25, 50, 75, 100, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 1000, 2000, 3000, 4000, 5000 kilometers

Standing Start—25, 50, 75, 100, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 1000, 2000, 3000, 4000 miles

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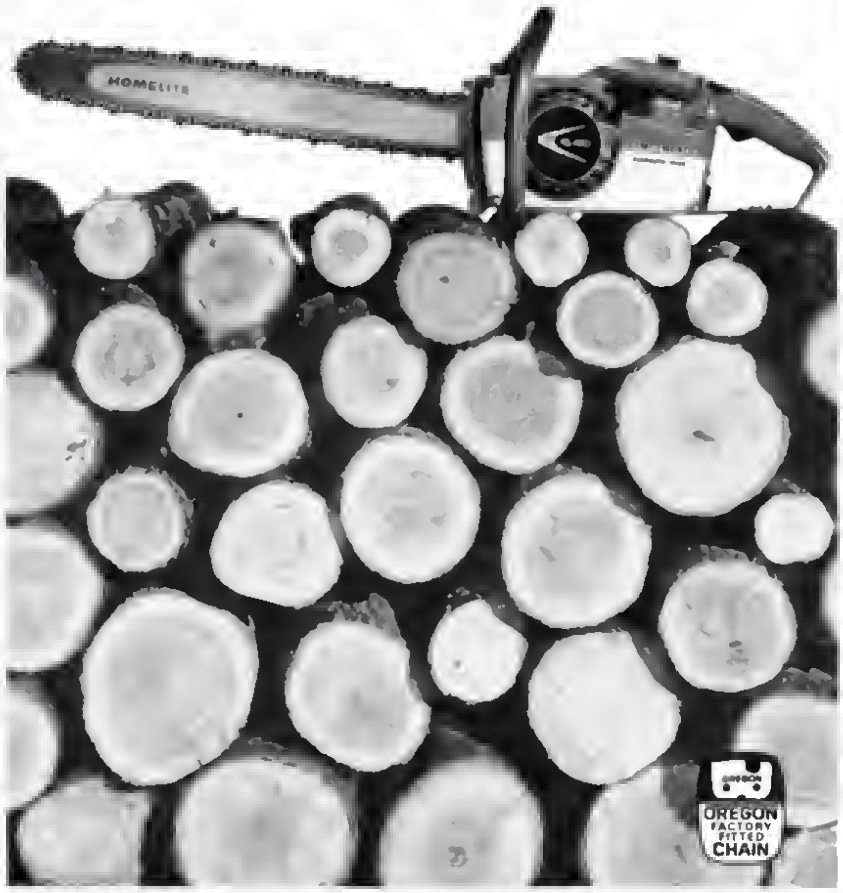


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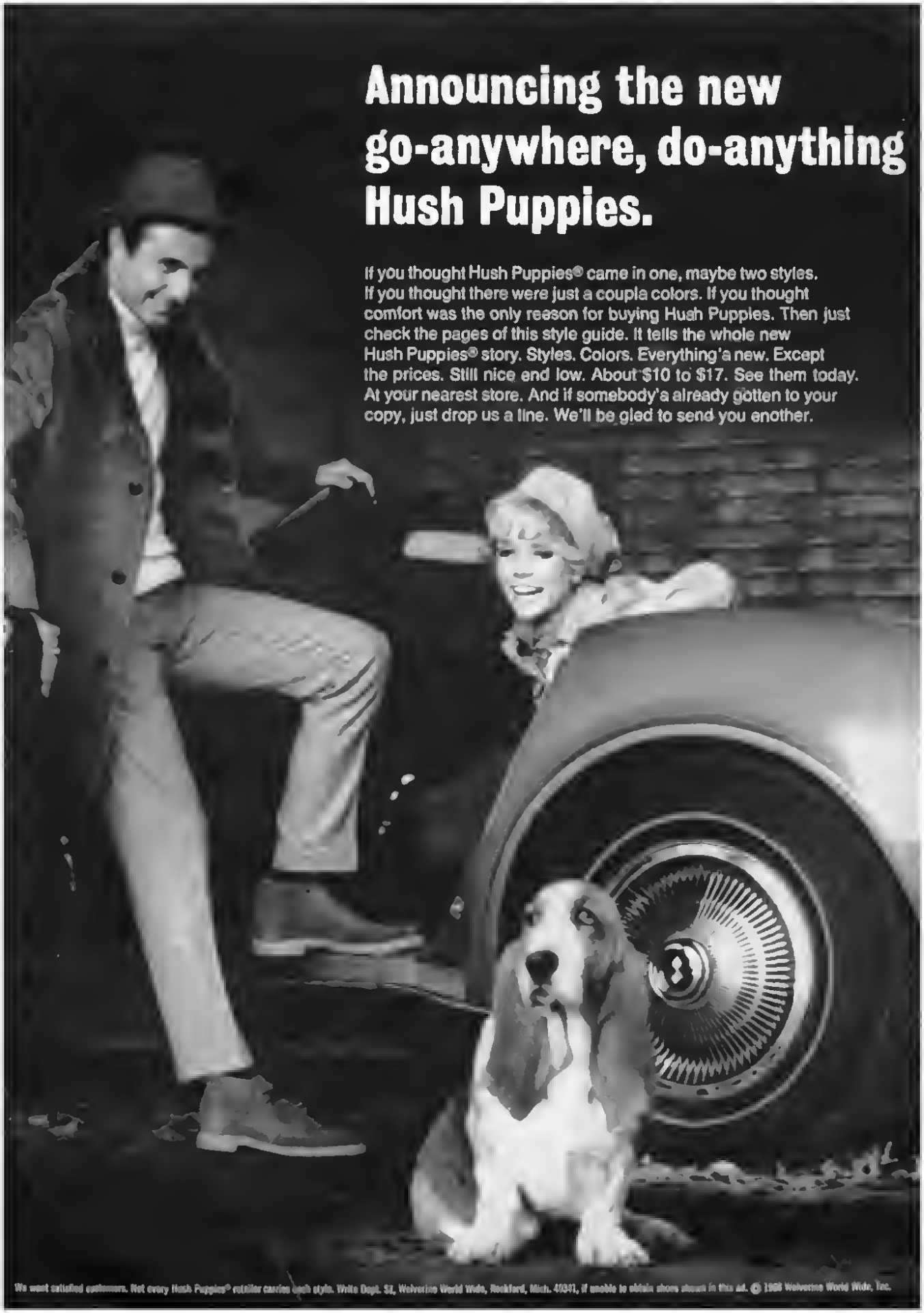
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1967 St. Louis went to spring training as a team with an outside chance to win the pennant. The questions were: Could Schoendienst get the most out of Maris and a shaky pitching staff? What would he do for a third baseman? To answer the last first, Schoendienst went to work converting Mike Shannon, an excellent outfielder. There were days when Shannon's chest was black and blue from the balls that bounced off it and Schoendienst's hands swollen from hitting them to him. But in the end Shannon was a third baseman.

Before leaving St. Petersburg for the opening of the season, Schoendienst wrote down the order in which he expected each team to finish and sealed his prediction in an envelope. He had St. Louis first. With Shannon at third base and Maris doing an excellent job, St. Louis won the pennant even though its best pitcher, Bob Gibson, was out part of the year with a broken leg. This year the Cardinals won again despite subpar performances from some key individuals. One of the most important factors in the team's success was the pitching of Ray Washburn, who won 10 games in 1967 and improved that to 14 in 1968 including a no-hitter. Washburn is one of the men whom Schoendienst stuck with and showed confidence in when others had all but given up on him. Another is Nelson Briles, a relief pitcher with a terrible 4-15 record three seasons back, who has won 33 games for Schoendienst over the last two years.

When a game in St. Louis is over, Albert Schoendienst returns to his home and pulls open the louvered doors that cover the small, tasteful bar he recently had completed. He will say to his wife Mary, "Mame, would you like a drink?" and Mary may say yes. Schoendienst has often said that he is a very lucky man and that he is really "only here on borrowed time," but as he pours the drinks he will look at a large, oblong Father's Day card placed prominently over the bar. It was given to him by his nine-year-old son Kevin. Mary will tell him that Cathleen and Eileen and Colleen are, as usual, doing fine in school, and that Kevin is out playing baseball or football or basketball and she may remind him that Kevin is still a better name than Fritz. But Schoendienst will be smiling at the card. It says, "Dear Dad, You're a Winner!" **END**


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'A man has got to go with what he believes'

So said Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson after his gambie gave the win to Morgan State. But 64,000 fans, who paid $200,000 to an urban charity, showad thay supported tha principia

by PAT PUTNAM

The eyes were hrown and bright, and there was something else, wariness perhaps. The owner of the eyes, a skinny little 8-year-old kid they call Cotton, put a small dark hand into a larger white one, pumped solemnly and said, "Hey, man, are you a detective?" Behind him, Herbie Miller sighed softly. Miller is a street worker, a man trying to salvage something from the Harlem neighborhood where he has lived the 27 years of his life. "That's the image," Miller said sadly. "The negative image. They think every stranger, especially a Caucasian wearing a suit and a tie, is either a policeman or a truant officer. They can't envision someone nice who might really give a damn about them. And so they go out into the streets, and they don't care, and all they want is to be a hustler or a dope pusher and get enough money to buy a Cadillac. They are lost, from the cradle they are lost, and what we are trying to do is to help them find themselves."

A few hours earlier, on another street corner in Harlem, Harv Oosdyk, another social worker, a tall, bulky white man who 13 years ago graduated from NYU to the ghetto, was saying, and just a little angrily, "The answer is so obvious, so darn simple: a good education. Not just a general diploma, which is no more than a certificate of attendance, but a real education. Only 1% to 3% of these kids ever get a chance to go to college. In middle-class neighborhoods it's more like 60%. And in other places the average is 94% to 97%. With figures like those you *know* something is wrong. Damn it! Just because you grow up in the streets doesn't mean you are retarded."

And so, because a lot of people believe as Oosdyk believes, 64,204 fans wedged into Yankee Stadium last Saturday afternoon to see Morgan State (student enrollment 4,200) beat Grambling College (4,140) 9–7 in the first Invitational Football Classic for the benefit of the Street Academy Program. The last time the Stadium held a crowd that size for a college-football game was 18 years ago, when Army played Michigan. After expenses, it was estimated the ghetto education program would be enriched by more than $200,000. Some of it will go to finance new street academies, at $50,000 each, the rest into a scholarship fund, which so far has put 200 ghetto kids into college.

"And that's only starters," said William Curtis, a handsome, graying University of Pittsburgh graduate who is the son of a Ghana ivory and rubber trader. "For a Negro to be a trader in Africa," he notes with a grin, "that's something." Curtis is the manager of market development for P. Ballantine & Sons, and it was two years ago, when his com-



ON GAME'S LAST PLAY FULLBACK HENRY JONES IS LOST BENEATH THE PILE AND IS SHORT OF THE GOAL

pany began sponsoring the telecasts of the Orange Blossom Classic from Miami, that he began toying with the idea of a ghetto charity football game. "I wanted to help the kids in the slum areas," he says, "not just black kids, but whites, as well. And then I thought: Who knows kids better than coaches? And so I turned to them."

That was last spring in Atlanta, the same weekend and not far from the cemetery where they were burying Martin Luther King. Curtis met with three of the nation's top Negro football coaches: Jake Gaither of Florida A&M, Eddie Robinson of Grambling and Earl Banks, the ex-Iowa All-America, of Morgan State. After three days they came up with the Football Coaches Foundation and preliminary plans for Saturday's game. Two other men were added to the foundation: U.S. District Judge A. Leon Higginbotham Jr. of Pennsylvania and Richard H. Griebel, the president of Ballantine. Griebel said if the game fell on its financial face his company would pick up the check.

"That's all the men we wanted for the first game," Curtis said. "We wanted to see how it went. But I knew my people, I knew it would be a sellout." It was estimated that 90% of Saturday's crowd was Negro.

Unlike Curtis, others were not quite so confident. After all, Grambling vs. Morgan State? In blasé New York? "When we first started this thing," said Tom Richmond, whose firm handled the publicity, "we weren't at all sure just what we had. But the response was immediate and unbelievable. When the tickets began selling the last week in August we were amazed, and a week before the game there was nothing left but a few $25 seats. When something like this catches on you ask: What happened? What made it click? Right now, I'm not sure."

For sure, the biggest assist came from Grambling itself, which came in after a long ton of publicity the past two years, and with a record of having sent 60 of its players to the pros since the mid-40s. Twenty-two Grambling alumni are in the pros now, more than any other college except Notre Dame. "Why, you can't hardly watch a pro game anymore unless there's a Grambling boy or two playing," says Collie Nicholson, the Grambling sports-information director. "Of course, all that publicity the last couple of years didn't hurt. Five years ago we could have come into Yankee Stadium and 100 people wouldn't have turned out—even if it was free and we were playing Notre Dame."

Grambling's emergence on the national scene stems largely from an excellent, hour-long TV documentary, *100 Yards to Glory*, produced by Howard Cosell for ABC (last week it was nominated for a TV Emmy). Several magazines followed with articles on the small-college football power. But ask any pro scout and he will say that Grambling has earned threefold every word written about it. Last season 29 scouts turned up at one Grambling game, 23 for another. The average is 12, and many of them spend the full week on campus grading the game film. Last year the pros drafted 36 players from the 12-team Southeastern Conference, tops in the country. They took 31 from the eight-team Southwestern Athletic Conference, of which Grambling is a member.

Despite an opening loss to Alcorn A&M last week, Grambling's reputation made it a slight favorite against Morgan State, a school founded in Baltimore two years after the Civil War ended and one that hadn't lost a football game since mid-1965. It soon became apparent that the Tigers from Louisiana were an even greater favorite with the huge crowd. So the disappointment was obvious and considerable when the clock began ticking into the final minute with Morgan State holding its two-point lead.

Grambling's first-string quarterback, James Harris, had suffered a shin injury and Robinson had not used him, but he sent Harris into the game in the last minutes and the Tigers began to move—zip, zip, zip. Now they were at Morgan State's two with 37 seconds left, and Henry Jones, a 235-pound fireplug of a fullback, was crashing straight ahead. Not quite enough. It was still a yard to victory and only 16 seconds left. Time out.

On the sidelines Robinson's assistant coaches were urging him to go for a field goal. "No," said Robinson, "let's win it the right way." Again the call went to Jones, wedge right, and a ton and a half of beef crashed head-on. "Touchdown," shouted an official. "No," called another. "What do you mean, no?" shouted Jones. "I was over the other time, too." Of course, the official who said no prevailed, and Grambling didn't, so now everybody was on Robinson for not going for the field goal.

"Why, it wouldn't have even been a field goal from that close," he said frowning. "Just a little old extra point. Maybe, I don't know. Maybe—but I tell you we've been working on that play. In the heat of battle sometimes you don't make the right decision. I guess this was one of those times. The thing is I'm the goat, not the team. I called that play, nobody else. But a man has got to go with what he believes."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (2-0)
2. KANSAS (2-0)
3. NEBRASKA (3-0)

Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers had a busy week. One day he put himself in at quarterback on the Kansas redshirt team and impersonated Indiana's Harry Gonso. He also promised 5,000 students at a Harry Belafonte concert that he would do a triple somersault when he led his team on the field for the Indiana game. Rodgers settled for a double somersault, but his Jayhawks were in no mood to settle for anything inferior. Halfback Don Shanklin scored three touchdowns on a 59-yard punt return and runs of 54 and 65 yards, rushed for a total of 159 yards and ran back four punts for 139 yards. Indiana, down 17–0 at the half, came back as usual, but this time couldn't make it all the way. Quarterback Bob Douglass' 71-yard run and Shanklin's 65-yard dash finished them off, as Kansas won 38–20.

Minnesota Coach Murray Warmath missed the handshake with Nebraska's Bob Devaney after their game in Minneapolis because he was off demanding an explanation from the referee as to why the clock did not stop after the Gophers' last first down on the Nebraska 35-yard line. "I'm not alibiing," he said. "We had 59 minutes and 50 seconds to win and we didn't. But to a dying man, one last breath means everything." Breathing came hard to Warmath after he watched his Gophers squander a 14–0 lead when Quarterback Ray Stephens threw two pass interceptions in the fourth

continued

quarter. The first one set up Nebraska Quarterback Ernie Sigler's 14-yard pass to Jim McFarland for the tying touchdown. The second gave Paul Rogers the chance to kick a 19-yard field goal with 1:30 to go to win for the Huskers 17–14.

SMU Sports Publicist Junior Eldredge was explaining the Mustangs' offense in Columbus last week. "We play a hully-gully sandlot type of game," he said. "It's kinda like third-period gym—you know, everybody run out and we'll throw the ball to you. I don't know how Ohio State could scout us because we make up our plays in the huddle." Eldredge's spiel was amusing, even if it raised the ire of SMU Coach Hayden Fry. And it was also accurate, as both SMU and Ohio State danced a wild hully-gully. SMU threw 76 passes and completed 40 for 437 yards, as arm-weary Quarterback Chuck Hixson got 37 completions in 69 tries for 417 yards. But Ohio State, with sophomore Quarterback Rex Kern running Woody Hayes's new show—yes, Kern even called most of the plays—won easily 35–14.

The Big Ten got another look at USC's O. J. Simpson, which is like a second trip to the death cell. This time Northwestern got burned as O. J. scored on runs of five, 11 and 15 yards, gained 189 yards and led the Trojans to a 24–7 win. Simpson, who missed practice all week because of a bruised thigh, was surprised to hear he had carried 34 times. "Maybe I'm just getting used to it," he said. Illinois and Wisconsin also fell before outlanders, Illinois being routed by Missouri 44–0 while Wisconsin, despite a last-ditch rally, lost to Washington 21–17. But Michigan State had better luck when Quarterback Bill Feraco completed nine of 13 passes, six to Flanker Al Brenner, as the Spartans beat Baylor 28–10.

Oklahoma, over the shock it suffered at Notre Dame, had little trouble beating North Carolina State 28–14. Tailback Steve Owens mussed up the Wolfpack with 164 yards and two touchdowns, and Quarterback Bob Warmack threw to Eddie Hinton for a score.

The Mid-American Conference was forma-ful. Ohio U.'s good defense thwarted Kent State in a 31–7 victory, while Miami of Ohio took Western Michigan 28–0. Toledo smothered Marshall 35–12 thanks in small measure to Ken Crots, who kicked five extra points. He now has 50 straight and needs only two more to set an NCAA record.

SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (2-0)
2. TEXAS A&M (1-1)
3. HOUSTON (1-0-1)

Mayor W. D. Rogers Jr. of Lubbock, Texas is an avowed hawk, at least when it comes to football. He stirred things up for the Texas-Texas Tech game by declaring Spook the Longhorns Night, and 10,000 Red Raider fans, enhancing the theme, brought face masks like the one worn by the cowboy who rides a black horse around the field before each Tech game. And then Texas entered into the evening's theme by playing half a football game as if it had, indeed, been spooked. Among other scary things, the Longhorns lost the ball deep in Tech territory three times—on a blocked field-goal try, a fumble and an interception. Meanwhile Roger Freeman of Tech scored twice, and Larry Alford ran back a punt 84 yards to build a 21–0 lead. Even at that, Texas struggled back to frighten the home team when Quarterback James Street, taking over for lackluster Bill Bradley, completed eight passes and Fullback Steve Worster, who gained 128 yards, scored twice. It was to no avail, though, for Freeman ran for a third touchdown and Kenny Vinyard kicked a 23-yard field goal to finish off Texas 31–22.

Residents of Fayetteville, Ark. did not get nearly as worked up about their contest, least of all Big Red, a huge pig who is the Razorback mascot. Big Red slept through the whole game. What he missed was a 56–13 Arkansas yawner over Tulsa in which sophomore Quarterback Bill Montgomery hit on 6 of 11 passes and Tailback David Dickey on two of two, both for touchdowns.

"We really went vroom, vroom tonight," said LSU Coach Charlie McClendon after beating Rice 21–7. "We brought a planeload of boys and played nearly every one of them." The LSU defense held the Owls to 157 yards, and the offense, which is often noteworthy for its absence, gained 374 yards.

Quarterback Ted Fay guided TCU to a pair of second-half touchdowns, both scored on runs by Ross Montgomery, and a 28–17 win against Iowa, nullifying some fine running by Tailback Denny Green, who gained 175 yards and scored on runs of 63 and 25 yards. Eugene Morris of West Texas State gained 181 yards and scored twice to defeat Pacific 23–7.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (2-0)
2. SYRACUSE (1-1)
3. ARMY (1-1)

Just to illustrate how coaches can outsmart themselves, Rutgers' John Bateman worried all last week about Princeton's passing game. The heavily-favored Tigers had two experienced tailbacks for their single-wing offense and one of them, Scott MacBean, had beaten Rutgers 22–21 with a last-minute pass in 1967. So Princeton tried only 12 passes, completed five and let the alert Scarlet Knights intercept three. Meanwhile Rutgers Quarterback Bruce Van Ness skillfully picked apart the frustrated Tigers, running nine yards for one touchdown and escaping a blitz to lob a 21-yard pass to Halfback Mel Brown for another. In addition, sophomore Chris Stewart kicked a soccer-style, 50-yard field goal—a school record—as Rutgers beat Princeton 20–14 for the first time since 1961 and only the ninth time in 59 games.

Army Coach Tom Cahill worried about his pass defense, too, before the game with Vanderbilt, and his instincts were right. The Black Knight defenders moved as if burdened by armor as Quarterback John Miller, a 5′ 9″ sophomore, rifled one pass after another to Split End Curt Chesley (who caught 11) and a horde of other receivers. Miller completed 23 of 31 passes for 244 yards and one touchdown and Vandy upset the shocked Cadets 17–13.

It was hard for Penn State to drum up enthusiasm for the Kansas State game. At a campus pep rally the night before, the players nearly outnumbered the students and Coach Joe Paterno cracked, "I hope no one gets caught in the traffic jam leaving the rally." And it took his players awhile to get worked up the next day. They were behind 9–7 when Halfback Bob Campbell, sprung loose on a trap play, ran 56 yards to the K-State 28 before he was bulldogged down from behind, suffering a shoulder separation. Six plays later Charlie Pittman scored from the five to put the Nittany Lions ahead. After that, the Penn State defense, led by Tackles Mike Reid and Steve Smear, shut off K-State, and the Lions went on to win 25–9. In addition to Campbell, Defensive End Lincoln Lippincott limped off with a badly sprained ankle, which means Penn State's casualty list is getting ominous.

Passing as it hasn't in years, Syracuse beat Maryland 32–14, with Quarterback Paul Paolisso accounting for most of the scoring by throwing for two touchdowns and running for a third. Boston College rewarded new Coach Joe Yukica with an upset over Navy when its quarterback, Joe Marzetti, also hit for two aerial scores and ran for another, and Halfback Dave Bennett rushed for 156 yards and three touchdowns. The result was a 49–15 humiliation of the Middies. Nobody had scored that much against Navy in 43 years, and this season may seem that long in Annapolis before it ends.

Pitt Coach Dave Hart, who was hit with a severe case of foot-in-mouth before last week's 63–7 shellacking by UCLA—he had testily questioned the 19-point odds favoring the Bruins—was almost speechless after West Virginia finished with his young team, 38–15. The Mountaineers' Mike Sherwood scored twice and completed 27 of 37 passes for 416 yards and two more TDs. Hart closed the Pitt locker room to writers for more than an hour after the debacle and finally came out, mumbling, "There's nothing I can say. I've said too much already."

Most Ivy League teams feasted on smaller friends in the neighborhood. Yale, led by Quarterback Brian Dowling, defeated

continued


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Connecticut 31–14, while Dartmouth beat New Hampshire 21–0 and Cornell downed Colgate 17–9. Harvard, however, had to come from behind to beat Holy Cross 27–20. Even Penn and Brown won. The Quakers took Bucknell 27–10 and Brown slipped past Rhode Island 10–9. Apparently, though, nothing has changed at Columbia. The Lions, in their first game under new Coach Frank Navarro, lost to Lafayette 36–14.

Massachusetts was no match for Buffalo in a battle between two teams that yearn to go big time. Buffalo Quarterback Denny Mason completed his first 13 passes and 17 of 21 in all to lead the Bulls to a 23–0 win.

SOUTH

1. FLORIDA (2-0)
2. GEORGIA (1-0-1)
3. LSU (2-0)

It was a game that began with both Florida and Florida State lining up at the wrong ends of the field for the kickoff, but from then on there were few mistakes. Florida made almost none, in fact, as it won 9–3, ending a nine-game unbeaten streak for the offense-conscious Seminoles and holding them without a touchdown for the first time in 26 games.

A strong defense, with 6′ 6″, 237-pound Tackle Jim Hadley leading the charge, twice stopped the Seminoles inside the Gator four-yard line. The defense also handcuffed Flanker Ron Sellers, limiting him to six catches and 50 yards. Said Coach Ray Graves, "We stopped an offense that has few peers and a receiver who has none." The game's only touchdown was scored by Fullback Larry Smith on a three-yard burst.

The way Bud Carson of Georgia Tech sees it, he is only six inches from having one of the finest teams in the nation. "I tell a boy when we're recruiting him that we don't have six inches of carpeting in the dormitory," he explained on the eve of his game against Miami. "I tell the boy we don't have a million-dollar dormitory for football players and that we're more interested in academics than in football. I'm not complaining, though. I wouldn't have it any other way, but right now we're fighting to stay in big-time football. I think we'll make it." The Yellow Jackets did not quite make it against the Hurricanes, but they hardly looked small time while losing 10–7. Defensive End Ted Hendricks of Miami, a 6′ 8″ 222-pounder known as The Mad Stork, was the difference. In the second half he recovered two fumbles, one of which set up the winning field goal, and broke up two important pass plays with his devastating rushes. And why did Hendricks go to Miami? Well, it wasn't carpeting at all. It was because of a physics professor. Hendricks had planned on going to Princeton until the professor transferred to Miami.

Going into the fourth quarter, Southern Mississippi led Alabama 14–7 and people were beginning to think Paul Bryant had become a toothless Bear. But five minutes, one field goal (a 19-yarder by Dran Buck) and one touchdown (Scott Hunter passed 34 yards to George Ranager) later Alabama was in front for keeps 17–14. That makes two frightening escapes for Alabama in two weeks. Mississippi, which will take on Alabama this week, also needed a fourth-period uprising to hold off Kentucky. A recovered fumble set up a 20-yard touchdown run by Ole Miss Quarterback Archie Manning, and then Glenn Cannon and Bob Bailey ran back interceptions for scores to wrap it up 30–14.

Clemson's Richie Luzzi took a missed Georgia field goal and ran it back 108 yards for a touchdown, but Georgia, with sophomore Quarterback Mike Cavan passing for two touchdowns and running for another, did not make many other errors as it won 31–13 and began to look like the SEC's best team. Richmond Flowers of Tennessee may have been disappointed when he failed to qualify for the Olympics as a hurdler, but Memphis State fans were just as sorry he did not make it. Flowers, a wingback for two years, was welcomed home with pleased smiles by Coach Doug Dickey, who told him he was a tailback now and to start running. Flowers launched his belated season with touchdown runs of six and seven yards as the Volunteers won 24–17. Loran Carter's passes and Mike Currier's runs carried Auburn past Mississippi State 26–0 in an SEC battle of have-nots.

In a pair of intersectional clashes Michigan beat Duke 31–10 and Texas A&M disposed of Tulane 35–3. Two fine runners set up both wins. Ron Johnson of the Wolverines rushing for 205 yards and two touchdowns and Larry Stegent of the Aggies scoring on bursts of eight, 15 and 55 yards.

"The greatest comeback of any team I've ever been associated with," said Coach Paul Dietzel after South Carolina had lived up to his slogan ("The fourth quarter is ours") by stunning North Carolina 32–27. At the start of the fourth quarter the Gamecocks trailed 27–3. Then, with Tommy Suggs and Randy Yoakum setting up four touchdowns with their passes, they went on to ruin the day for the crowd at Chapel Hill.

A defensive battle between Virginia Tech and William & Mary was won by Tech's defensive line, which blocked two kicks to give the Gobblers a 12–0 victory.

WEST

1. USC (2-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (2-0)
3. UCLA (2-0)

The Western AC race was over almost before it began, primarily because Arizona State Coach Frank Kush had Texas-El Paso figured correctly. He felt his team had to get to Brooks Dawson, the good UTEP passer, so he decided upon several shifty maneuvers of his linemen, including one tricky little number called "X-stunt with dog" that opened up a clear path for End Dennis Farrell. X-stunt with dog worked beautifully, as Farrell dropped Dawson for losses five times. When Farrell wasn't getting to Dawson, other ASU linemen took turns leveling the poor UTEP quarterback. All together they smeared him 13 times.

While all this was going on, ASU's fast backs were running well out of an offense Coach Kush calls "a complicated Mickey Mouse thing." They scored three touchdowns within five minutes in the first quarter, one on a 70-yard punt return by Larry Walton. Fullback Art Malone rammed the weary UTEP line for 161 yards and two touchdowns, and ASU coasted home 31–19. How good is ASU? A Wyoming scout ranks ASU with Nebraska, but Kush is having none of that. "Talk of us being that good is just silly," he says.

In Los Angeles it was time for UCLA's improbable sophomore, Jim Nader, to step out for Act Two of his drama. A week earlier he had filled in superbly for injured Quarterback Bill Bolden, but this time Nader blew his role as a leading man. He connected on only three of 12 passes, and his ball handling bore an unfortunate resemblance to a juggling act. But the Bruins beat Washington State 31–21 as another sophomore, Mickey Cureton, gained 106 yards in the first half.

Those rumbling sounds out of Salt Lake City were set in motion by Oregon State Fullback Bill (Earthquake) Enyart, who ran for 299 yards and three touchdowns in 50 tries. Left in his wake was Utah, a 24–21 victim. California Quarterback Randy Humphries was on target with 17 of 29 passes, 12 of them to 6′ 7″ Wayne Stewart, as the Bears beat Colorado 10–0. Stanford, with Jim Plunkett throwing three touchdown passes, looked effective, too, as it beat Oregon 28–12 in a Pacific Eight game. Air Force surprised Wyoming 10–3 with the help of a 57-yard field goal by Dennis Leuthauser. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK. Leroy Keyes was his usual superb self in Purdue's 37–22 win over Notre Dame, completing a 17-yard pass for a touchdown, scoring on runs of 16 and 18 yards, running for 90 yards and catching three passes for 33.

THE LINEMAN. Miami owed its win over Georgia Tech to Defensive End Ted Hendricks. With Hendricks recovering two fumbles and trapping the quarterback, Miami held Tech to minus three yards rushing in the second half.



MOTOR SPORTS / *Gwilym S. Brown*

At rain-spattered Le Mans a Ford GT40 with an English accent (above, moving into the turn past the pits) took the lead after four hours and rolled to victory as supposedly unbreakable German contenders fell ill

An orphan socked it to Porsche in France

The Le Mans 24-hour auto race has a nasty way of chewing up strong men and big machines and spitting them out like so much tobacco juice. That is why it is usually won by cars that spring from factories rich in racing tradition, like Ferrari, or simply rich-rich, like Ford, companies capable of producing cars tough enough and indigestible enough to last the distance. Things were different in the west of France last week. In the first place, because of the riots of May and June, the race had been shifted from mid-June to late September. In the second place, it was won by a car that was put together in what VPs at the big glamour places probably would refer to as a seemingly abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town, the particular town being London.

At 3 p.m. on Saturday, Mexico's short, dark and Buddha-calm Pedro Rodriguez scrambled into the seat of a blue and orange Ford GT40, designed by Ford but produced by JW Automotive Engineering Ltd. of Slough, Bucks. Twenty-four hours later, when co-driver Lucien Bianchi, his red hair still neat, his mustache trim, climbed out, the men and the car had thoroughly crushed what seemed to be the indomitable pursuit of a Le Mans title by the high-powered Porsche racing organization.

The low square car not only won the biggest single event in sports-car racing but in doing so also squeezed by Porsche to win for itself the International Manufacturers' Championship by a slim three points.

The duel between the snappy little Porsches, lethal as hornets, and the low-slung, friendly-looking Fords had been going on all year, a sort of miniaturized version of the big car Ford-Ferrari duels of 1965, '66 and '67. A series of decisions by Ford, by Ferrari and by the FIA had brought this about. Last year Ferrari decided to opt out of sports-car racing, after a multitude of very successful seasons, and concentrate on Grand Prix racing instead. The Ford Motor Company, figuring that the millions of dollars it had spent to win Le Mans in '66 and '67 had finally paid off, also dropped its sports-car program. Henry Ford II gave the Le Mans circuit $150,000 to build what is known as the Ford curve and said adieu. The curve, just short of the pit area, is designed to keep the cars from hurtling by the pits at 180 mph and thus make life slightly more bearable for the race mechanics. Ford's generosity also, and not incidentally, guaranteed the lap record of 3:23.6, set last year by Denis Hulme of New Zealand in a Ford Mark IV, would remain unbroken for years.

Had Ford and Ferrari not dropped out voluntarily they would have been forced to do so anyway because of new restrictions adopted last summer by the FIA. What the sport's international rulers did was legislate out of existence the big, powerful sports prototypes. As of this year any manufacturer wishing to go endurance racing with an engine over five liters must have built at least 500 copies of his car. A manufacturer who has produced 50 copies of his car can go with a five-liter engine, and the sports prototypes are limited to an engine of three liters.

"The idea," says John Wyer, the languid but astute Britisher who now heads the Ford GT40 show independent of Dearborn, "is presumably that a three-liter car without body restrictions can compete on even terms with the five-liter car that does have restrictions."

The events of 1968 have certainly borne this out. Porsche began the year by dominating the Daytona 24 Hours and the Sebring 12 Hours so thoroughly that it seemed they had a lock on the entire season and the manufacturers' championship. "We thought we'd be the ones to

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get off to a fast start," says Cambridge graduate John Horsman, Wyer's second-in-command at JW Automotive Engineering, now sole producer of the GT40. "We were all set, and it seemed that the rest would take a while getting sorted out. In fact, we thought we'd have to get off to a fast start to come out ahead on the year. We knew that when Porsche got their three-liter engines ready to replace the 2.2-liter ones they would be hard to beat. When they won in Florida things looked pretty black." The figuring was all wrong, although Porsche won the Targa Florio in Sicily and also won the Nurburgring 1,000. The Fords, meanwhile, won races in England, Italy, Belgium and at Watkins Glen in the U.S. That brought them to Le Mans in a virtual tie with Porsche.

Wyer accomplished all this in 1968 with only two cars and with very little help from Ford. In fact, Wyer's ears are really orphans of Ford's decision to go into sports-car racing in the first place and then ultimately to get out of it. Wyer was put in charge of developing the GT40 when Ford returned to racing in 1964. Then Ford decided to go with the bigger Mark IIs and Mark IVs, and Wyer's pets were shuffled into second-string. In January 1967 Ford made Wyer an attractive offer, and he bought out all the assets of Ford Advanced Vehicles and the GT40 project. The cars are now owned by Gulf Oil, whose agencies take out the ads when the GT40s win races. Until midyear, Ford ignored the cars almost entirely.

"When we won at Watkins Glen things started heating up," says Wyer. "Jacque Passino, Ford's special vehicles manager, got on the phone and asked if there was anything they could do to help. They have helped, with some important engine parts."

The reason was obvious. Owned out of Dearborn or not, a win at Le Mans would redound greatly to Ford's credit and give Ford—not Gulf, not JW Automotive Engineering—the manufacturers' championship. And to win at Le Mans against the powerful Porsche team, Wyer needed all the help he could get.

"Above all, Le Mans is an engine breaker," Wyer said in his office 10 days before the race, as outside in the workshop mechanics were reassembling the three squat five-liter GT40s that would be racing in France, a third car having been added for the 24 Hours.

"There is no premium on roadholding there. It is moderately hard on brakes, chiefly because it is 24 hours long, and once every lap, at Mulsanne corner, the brakes have to get the car down from 200 mph to 40. But what really beats up the car is Mulsanne straight. The straight is so long that the engine is going at maximum power and load for just under a minute—say 55 seconds. No other circuit in the world has anything like this."

In the prerace time trials the factory Porsches finished one, two, three and seven, the fastest being a lap by Jo Siffert in car No. 31 in 3:35.4, over 140 mph. Wyer, however, was not too worried. The day before the race he took lunch at his hotel in the town of La Chartre-sur-le-Loire, 30 miles south of Le Mans, and looked at the trial times while mechanics worked on the cars in a Renault garage across the street.

"We just try to see what the car can handle comfortably," he said. "Porsche usually goes flat-out. Pushing just a little harder, we should be able to handle them."

The Porsche people, whose cars were garaged a few miles nearer Le Mans in the tiny village of Teloché, oozed Germanic confidence. "I think a lot of people are going to be surprised by these cars," said Ferdinand Piech, chief engineer and Porsche vice-president, as he gazed with benign pride at his four cars. He wore a wool hat with an Avis button reading "*Wir geben uns mehr Mühe*" stuck in it. "These cars will be very fast, but, better than that, they will all finish."

By race time, Porsche, with the four three-liter, 320-horsepower cars, and nine other privately owned 2.2- and two-liter starters, was heavily favored and the race began for them just as the season had in Florida. As the drivers faced their cars for that comic half sprint, half shuffle known as the Le Mans start, rain doused the course. At 3 p.m. when the starter dropped his flag, therefore, the rest of the field of 54 cars was left in a spray of rooster tails as the first three white Porsches snapped smartly away and into the first turn. The GT40s, blocked out by a surge of cars from behind, finally moved away in the middle of the pack. After one lap the factory Porsches were running in front and after two laps had built up a one-minute lead over the leading Ford, back in seventh. That, despite some serious trouble in the Ford encampment, was the highpoint for German machinery.

3:46 p.m. Saturday: Brian Muir, in GT40 No. 11, skids into a sandbank coming off the Mulsanne straight and burns out his clutch trying to drive it off.

6:59 p.m. Saturday: It is dark. Jo Siffert, leading the race by a good five minutes in Porsche No. 31, breaks his gearbox in the Mulsanne straight and is out. Ford No. 9, driven by Rodriguez and Bianchi, goes into the lead.

8:45 p.m. Saturday: Ford No. 10, driven by Paul Hawkins and David Hobbs and exchanging the lead with No. 9, bursts its clutch, and the resulting one-hour, 48-minute pit stop puts it out of the running. It finally retires with an electrical breakdown.

11:55 p.m. Saturday: Rain is pelting down and lap times have slowed from just under four minutes to five minutes and over. The No. 34 Porsche goes out with a ruptured engine, leaving only one factory Porsche in the chase, another having limped off shortly before 11 p.m.

Midnight. It is still raining hard. Rodriguez and Bianchi have gone into a 15-minute lead over a blue French Matra, a lead they continue to stretch out as dawn comes, the rain stops and the sun tries to come out. John Wyer, wrapped in a heavy blue parka, stares out at the cold rain. "They ought to chop this thing off after 1,000 kilometers," he grumbles.

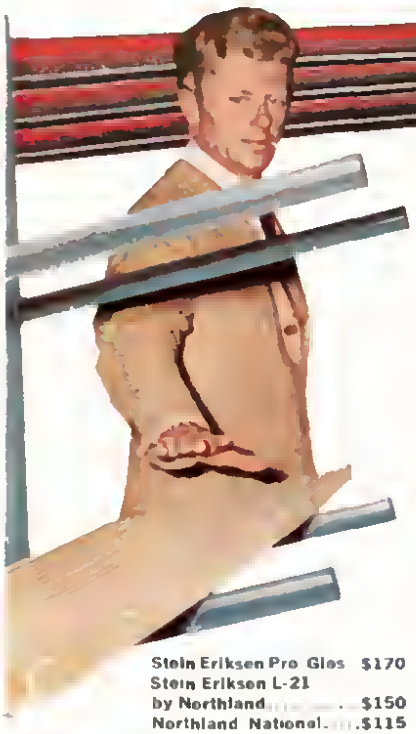
3:00 p.m. Sunday: The sun is out and the victorious Ford pits are mobbed with cameramen, visitors and beautiful girls wearing tight black skirts and white pullovers that say "Bardahl" on them. Wyer lights up a cigar, a small one, and sips at a glass of brandy. Horsman puts away the stopwatch he has been clicking. "It's a bit tense when you have only one car left and still 16 hours left to drive it," he says. "But we never had to do a thing to it. It ran perfectly." Says Pedro Rodriguez, "It was like playing a piano."

3:23 p.m. Sunday: Herr Piech of Porsche, his wool hat and his "We Try Harder" button still stuck firmly atop his head, shakes hands with winning Race Manager David Yorke. "You were just better," he says.

Everyone, except maybe Porsche, which started the year so well and ended it so badly, seemed to be happy. Maybe even the Ford Motor Company of Dearborn, Mich. is happy, too. **END**

Stein talks about the difference in skis:





Stein Eriksen (shown above with Earl Geiger, president of Larson Industries, Inc.) is a four-time Olympic and World Gold Medalist and head of the ski school at Snowmass-at-Aspen. He's always wanted to design a ski that "makes skiing easier." This year, he and Northland did it.

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Stein Eriksen



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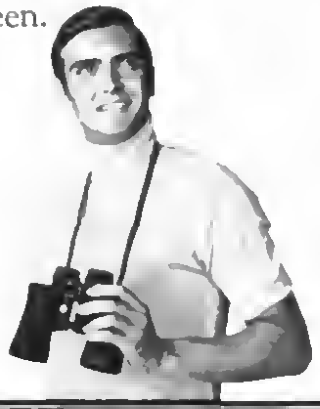
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George has the rhyme, Pappy has the reason

George Foreman, the heavyweight poet, has a golden opportunity in the Olympics if, as Coach Pappy Gault warns, he obeys the rules



HEAVYWEIGHT FOREMAN WRAPS HAND

Since 1952 our fortunes in Olympic boxing have irregularly ebbed. In Helsinki the U.S. won five gold medals, in 1964 we won but one. Significantly, the solitary champion in Tokyo was Joe Frazier. In the past four Games U.S. fighters have won the heavyweight title three times—the late Ed Sanders was victorious at Helsinki and Pete Rademacher in Melbourne in 1956—and we undoubtedly would have won at Rome in 1960 if Muhammad Ali had fought as a heavyweight rather than a light heavy.

In line with this tradition our best prospect in Mexico City is a heavyweight—GEORGE FOREMAN, THE FIGHTING CORPSMAN, as the rhymed inscription on his robe states. Foreman, a Negro of medium hue who wears his hair *au naturel*, is, in a sense, a spiritual descendant of Ali. Foreman is a poetaster with a proclivity for near rhymes and, like Ali, comes prepared to dwell on himself.

"Notice me," Foreman was saying the other evening in the student center of St. John's College of Santa Fe, where the boxing team had its pre-Olympic camp. "I am a giant. I am 6-foot-3½, 216 pounds, and I cover a lot of ground.

George is nimble and George is quick.
Watch me, folks, 'cause I can really stick

"Ali introduced speed and now speed is death.

I can move to your right,
Stick all night.
Move to your left.
'Cause your death.

"I am approximately 19 years old. I am a young adult. Am I still growing? Chances are. Do I have respect for my elders? Respect is a form of fear, and I can't give you that. I'm a lover, a gamer, a woman tamer. Fight a little, talk a lot.

You people may say I talk a lot.
I'm so great, I don't dare shadow box.
It's because of my left.
I'm afraid to hit myself."

A professor approached Foreman and appealed to him to tone it down, as he was interfering with a lecture on Blake's illustrations for *The Divine Comedy*.

"I represent an intelligent man," Foreman said, somewhat subdued. "I never plowed a field. I never picked cotton. You'll notice my hands have no calluses. I'm a worldly man. I'm very alert. I think constantly. I'm never violent. If you wanted to fight me I wouldn't be proving anything by accepting. I don't use my beautiful hands on ordinary people. Most violent people feel they have to be violent to be accepted. Man in this day and age is such a violent creature, but the less violence put into the world the less given out.

Let's talk about a fighter of yesterday.
Now everybody remembers old Cassius Clay
You may say Ali is good
If you feel you should,
But if he got me in the ring and asked my name,
Why, that poor boy would die of shame."

The sun had gone behind the barren hills among which the college is set, hills that disconcerted Foreman's teammate David (Baby) Vasquez, a flyweight from New York. "The sad and lonely hills," he had reflected the previous day. "All they do is stand there. They look bored."

"I'm a man, and if anyone has any doubts please feel free to ask me about them," Foreman went on, "but don't say I'm bragging. I'm just a young man trying to make a name for myself. I speak better than I box, but it's a proven fact that George can hit."

Indeed. Foreman is a relatively crude and inexperienced fighter. He has only been fighting a year and a half and has had a mere 19 bouts, winning 16, 11 by knockout. Foreman, who is from Houston, began boxing in the Job Corps, which he joined in 1965; he had dropped out of school in the ninth grade and, as he says, "got in the wrong line." The Job Corps sent him to a conservation center in Grants Pass, Ore. "I preserved the forest and the trees," he says. "We learned bricklaying and how to build houses. Building a house is an experience I'll never forget. But there weren't any soul folk where I was. You have cer-

tain wants. In the Job Corps you lose contact with the world. Everything in the center is right. You forget that things in the world are wrong."

From Grants Pass, Foreman went to an urban center in Pleasanton, Calif., where he studied electronics and got the equivalent of a high school diploma. But when he went back to Houston he was unable to find a job. "I would like to say the reason was prejudice," he says, "but I have no proof. The employment agency would send me on a job and when I got there there would be no opening. I almost got discouraged, but I had a taste of success in the Job Corps and it was hard to get rid of it."

Foreman ultimately returned to Pleasanton as an avocational instructor in the corps. "Boxing is a real challenge," he says, "but I have bigger goals, like going to college. If no one had taken notice of me I'd have gone down the drain. I want to be qualified to catch others before they go down."

However, at the moment Foreman is trying to learn how to box. For example, to his amazement he has discovered that he can throw a mighty left jab. "I've found myself with weapons I wasn't aware of," he says. "I've been told I can win a fight with a left jab!" He could at that. In his final elimination bout in Albuquerque last month Foreman knocked his opponent down with a jab.

"I'm not concentrating on slugging so much," Foreman says. "International rules represent thinking. They represent a less brutal sport."

The main reason U.S. boxers haven't fared as well as they should have in past Olympics is that they have failed to observe these rules and have been penalized or disqualified. Moreover, they haven't truly understood the nature of the sport. Boxing under international rules is very much like fencing, each properly delivered blow that lands in a prescribed area is of equal value no matter what its force. By and large, the fighter who lands the most punches wins, unless, of course, there is a knockout, but no extra credit is given for a knockdown. The rules that are most antithetical to our fighters are: 1) a blow must land with the knuckles part of the closed glove; 2) the hands must be in advance of the head at all times; 3) ducking below the belt line is prohibited; 4) a blow is illegal if at any point in its delivery the glove passes below the belt line; 5) overhand swings are illegal; 6) lying on, wrestling, holding, locking and spinning are not permitted; and 7) a passive, double-cover defense à la Archie Moore is prohibited.

Fortunately the team that arrived in Mexico City this week includes a number of boxers who have international experience, most notably Light Welterweight James Wallington Jr. and Light Heavyweight Arthur Redden, both of whom won gold medals in the 1967 Pan-American Games, and Harlan (Baby Cakes) Marbley, who will be competing in a new Olympic division, the 106-pound, or light flyweight, class. All three have good chances for medals, particularly Marbley, who has a record of 189 and 5, a tattoo on his left forearm depicting a skunk sniffing a flower ("That's me," he says, "the little stinker") and owns 24 medallions, 40 pairs of gaudy slacks and 12 pairs of shoes. According to Featherweight Albert Robinson, the reason Marbley has comparatively few shoes is that "he ain't heavy enough to wear them out."

But the team's greatest asset may be Robert (Pappy) Gault, whose medallion reads SOCK IT TO ME in art nouveau script. Gault, a fervent, genial man of 46, is the first Negro head coach of the U.S. Olympic boxing team. Not only is he a fine teacher and leader, but since nine of the 11 boxers are Negro he has rapport. Says Gault: "My fighters believe in me. They do what I say."

Gault's major obsessions are the international rules and what he calls unity. "Boxing is usually considered an individual sport," he says. "I'm trying to make it a team sport. I don't want any stars or individualists. I believe in unity. I think this will show a new side of the U.S. We are never individuals when we support the U.S. This is one of the greatest teams—not talentwise, but unitywise. Through their unity they make themselves greater than they are.

"The boys from the foreign countries don't have us abilitywise. They have us gentlemanwise. We've gotten beat on the rules. You've got to abide by the rules. In 1964 not one U.S. boy did the right thing. They say the foreigners are cheating us. We're cheating ourselves. I'm not going to come back from Mexico City and say we was robbed. If we lose all 11 bouts and my boys abide by the rules, I'll be happy."

To which Gentleman George Foreman adds, "Pappy Gault, man, he taught me. Pappy worked wonders. If I can just do in the ring what he said. Doing the right thing is more important than winning. More important than winning is that I perform correctly." END



COACH GAULT (*right*) shares a light moment with Light Flyweight Harlan Marbley

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Lower your hems, girls

So says the Ladies' Golf Union of Great Britain, a straitlaced organization founded in 1893 to advance women's rights on and around the course

This week at the Victoria Golf Club in Southeast Australia an athletic event is taking place that is testimony to the perseverance of the female. Called the Women's World Amateur Team Championship, it brings together in ladylike competition 19 teams of the best women golfers from places probable (United States, Great Britain, France) and improbable (China, Bermuda and Argentina).

The wonder is not that so many champions of the game should have traveled so far but that the royal and ancient sport should have ever let women, and most particularly those of the British Empire, attain such a level of competition. To this day Australian golf and sports clubs believe women's competitive instincts should be restricted to rose-growing contests, preferably miles from the club's premises. That women have managed to get their golfing talents into the open anywhere in the Commonwealth is a commentary on the efforts and resolution of one of the most unusual organizations in sport, the Ladies' Golf Union of Great Britain, and its many affiliates. And if the competition at Victoria this week is exciting, it can hardly hold more fascination than the organization that led the march of women into golf.

Though the notion may seem strange to Americans who made ladies' day a fixture of country club life, there remains, still, in golf clubs in Britain and throughout the Commonwealth a rigid code forbidding women in clubhouses. The foremost example is the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews. Women golfers are not permitted inside its hallowed rooms, but—perhaps because Mary Queen of Scots established herself as something of a swinger when she tried the game on the St Andrews links in 1563—women are allowed to play the Old Course. However, unless they happen to belong to a women's club in the vicinity, the only washing-up facility is St. Andrews Bay. When the British Women's Amateur was held at the course in 1965 the women ran their tournament from a caravan—without heat or light—parked behind the 18th green.

Not surprisingly Britain's lady golfers are a self-sufficient lot. Sensing that in union there is strength, they formed in 1893 the Ladies' Golf Union to administer their sport. This formidable, staunchly girl-guide group operates apart from the Royal and Ancient and has widespread control of its sport. The LGU cherishes the responsibilities of Empire. It is its Australian affiliate that is playing host to the World Amateur. It establishes handicaps for lady golfers in Malawi, New Delhi and Bahrein and it supplies letters of introduction for travelers to golf clubs in Ghana or Pakistan or Rhodesia.

The LGU's sense of propriety is almost Victorian. The British team, playing in the World Amateur, will stop for a match in Kenya on its way back from Australia. "The girls have been told to lengthen their skirts before appearing there," an LGU official noted. "They have been wearing miniskirts, and this would hardly set a good example for the natives."

The character of the LGU is perhaps best suggested by the names of some present and past members. Mrs. E Sidebottom, Popsie Kenyon-Stow, Auntie and Niecey Trywhitt-Drake, Mrs. Sutherland Pilch . . . And the LGU is personified in Miss Doris Chambers, its 83-year-old public relations director. Recently Miss Chambers, an advocate of bracing country walks, fell while jumping over a stile, cracking a vertebra. This has slowed her down, but in the best of times she could never have been accused of believing in the hard-sell approach to public relations. When asked for information about the LGU over the telephone, Miss Chambers has been known to say, "I'll have to think and send you a line."

Seventy-five years ago the LGU approved a set of rules for women, and probably just in time. When ladies seriously took up the game at Westward Ho! in Surrey in the 1860s, male club members ruled that the only club "on any account" the ladies would be permitted to use was a putter. Until the LGU moved in, the ladies had been forced to play a rather haphazard game, the only thing uniform about it being their dress. They wore red coats, perhaps for the same reason that hunters wear red.

"I remember the tournaments before the Kaiser War as wonderful holidays," says Charlotte Cecilia Pitcairn Leitch, who won 12 national titles (the first in 1912) and who, at 77, still plays golf in the 70s with hickory-shaft clubs. "I used to take a house when I went to a championship. There were concerts and full-dress balls. In the old days you knew all of the 166 competitors. Every one of them could be your friend, but now some of the girls playing in these championships don't even wash. We sent a team out to New Zealand a few years ago and got a report back that one girl wore the same white shirt every day. It was filthy."



SECRETARY HANNAY BRIDGES THE GAP

With time, the tone and quality of ladies' golf began to change in Great Britain. Increasingly, LGU officials, as they huddled in their furs (some brought hot-water bottles as well) in the starter's box on the 1st tee, were to remark at the difference in the new players who were taking up the game. By the 1950s the "welfare-state children" were competing for LGU titles. "Everything has been put in their laps," a former LGU chairman commented not long ago. "They think they should have international honors without making an effort. Success goes to the heads of these lower-class girls. They are just like movie stars."

One of the successful golfers of this new breed was an Irish player named Philomena Garvey. She won the British championship in 1957, and the LGU was hardly pleased. "They'd never had to deal with anyone of her class before," another Irish golfer explains. "Phil was from a very humble family and they didn't know what to do with her." It has been suggested that the LGU went so far as to plot a way to get Miss Garvey off the 1958 Curtis Cup team. The LGU denies any scheming, but the fact is that it suddenly changed the badge that Cup golfers must wear from the traditional one—which included the rose of England, the leek of Wales, the thistle of Scotland and the shamrock of Ireland—to the Union Jack. Miss Garvey was a Republic of Ireland player, and she naturally refused to compete wearing any such detestable symbol, and thus was dropped from the team. Many months later, after receiving widespread criticism, the LGU restored the old badge and Miss Garvey played on the 1960 team.

To change its public image, which was died-in-the-tweed conservative, the LGU began retiring some of its old officials. There was, for instance, the case of "Ma" Beddows, 80, who played on her county golf team until last year. She did not compete in this year's Scottish championship because she felt her game was off at the time, but she is making plans to challenge again in 1969. Ma played for years for Britain on international teams and, when she got to be 62 or so, someone suggested she might retire. She burst into tears but eventually consented. Not long afterward, she broke down in emotion on the 1st tee of a championship in England. This would be the last time she would represent Britain, she sobbed.

continued

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Her opponent in the match tried unsuccessfully to comfort her. Ma Beddows won the match. The scene was repeated several times and Ma, having put the competition off its game, won each match. Only then did the young golfers' hearts harden to the fact that tears can be as useful as a firm midiron to the pin.

There have been other occasions when youth has had a hard time understanding the wisdom of old LGU types. A few years ago, perhaps to chip away at the generation gap, the LGU hired as its secretary a 53-year-old Australian, Miss Katherine Hannay. Miss Hannay is a bluff, affable, white-haired lady and a former Queensland champion. She taught herself to play golf on her father's sheep station, using a full-length mirror and a Byron Nelson instructional book. During the war she headed a staff of 1,000 that fed 15,000 troops stationed in Sydney, and this experience serves her well in handling the skirmishes between the LGU and the young golfers.

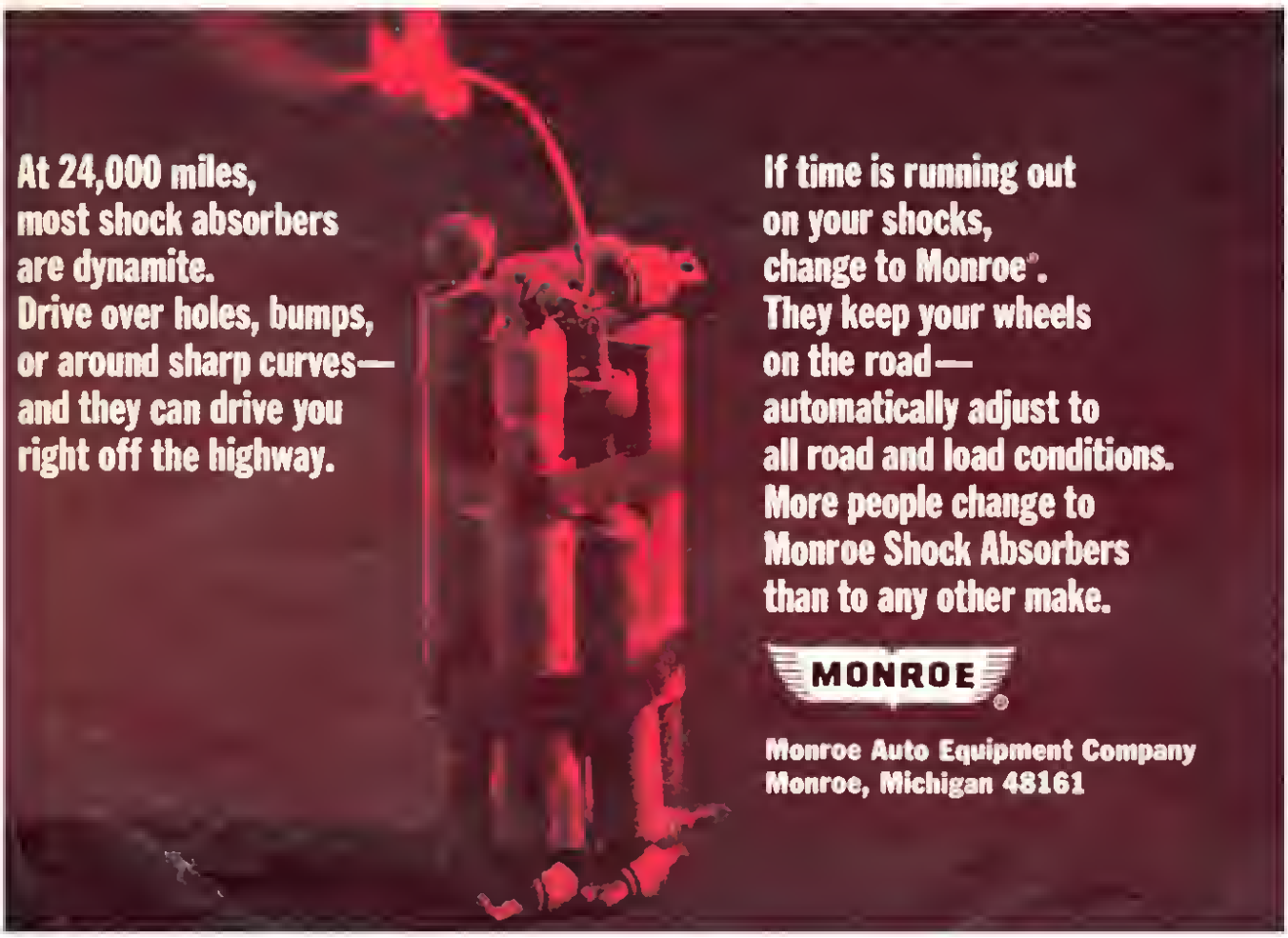
One of these concerned the Curtis Cup uniforms two years ago. The team, when it returned from America, met with LGU officials at Sunningdale and respectfully requested that the union pay for the uniforms they had worn in the matches. An LGU director declared that the suggestion of the players was "absolutely Bolshevik." Finally, a compromise settlement was reached.

There are still some LGU officials who believe a woman golfer is no good once she marries. "They are never the same," one grande dame remarked before last June's Curtis Cup matches, but so harsh an attitude was perhaps understandable. The LGU had been forced to drop five players from the team that went to the previous cup because they had put sex before golf. Two had recently had babies, another expected one, a fourth had just been married and the fifth was engaged and had lost almost 30 pounds to please her beau. The LGU noted that her vanishing bulk had ruined her follow-through.

The Australian LGU is a formidable organization with similar attitudes and problems as its British counterpart. Of the major sports clubs in Melbourne, only six or so accept women as full members. In many places they are barred. A huge section of the 100,000-seat Melbourne Cricket Club stadium, site of the 1956 Olympics, is off limits to women and children. Elsewhere, women may have to use the backstairs entrance to clubs—even Victoria has its segregated entrance marked ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

But in this situation, with the fine example of Great Britain's LGU to guide it, the Australian women are fighting back. Not only are they using the prestigious Victoria Club for the World Amateur, they are even going to have a dinner at neighboring Royal Melbourne this week before play begins, a party *inside the clubhouse*. And near Brisbane there is an even more stunning development taking place. The golfing ladies are opening a women-only club there.

Who needs St. Andrews? END



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HARRY HAS HIS OWN WAYS

BY MYRON COPE

Even before the World Series got under way Wednesday, it was shudderingly clear that one result was as predictable as bunting on the commissioner's box: millions of television and radio listeners, whose eardrums may have healed in the year since the Cardinal-Boston Series, are once again going to be exposed to a feverish clamor coming from a Cardinal delegate to the NBC broadcasting team. It was equally certain that across America the baseball public would then divide into two camps—those who exclaimed that by God! Harry Caray was almost as exciting as being at the park and those who prayed he would be silenced by an immediate attack of laryngitis. Caray, should you be among the few who still have not heard him, is an announcer who can be heard shrieking above the roar of the crowd when a hitter puts the ultimate in wood to the ball: "There she goes . . . ! Line drive . . . ! It *might* be . . . it *could* be . . . it is! *Home run* . . . ! *Ho-lee cow!*" You may not know that with a second home run his more dignified colleagues have preferred to flee the broadcasting booth before the ball has cleared the fence.

In the past decade the trend of play-by-play broadcasting has been decidedly in the direction of mellow, impassive reporting, a technique that strikes Harry Caray as being about as appropriate as having Walter Cronkite broadcast a heavyweight championship fight. "This blasé era of broadcasting!" Caray grumbles. " 'Strike one. Ball one. Strike two.' It probably hurts the game more than anything, and this at a time when baseball is being so roundly criticized." Never one to burden himself with restraint, Caray more or less began hoisting the 1968 pennant over Busch Stadium clear back in early July when, following a Cardinal victory, he bellowed, "The magic number is 92!"

The fact is that Harry Caray's 24 years of broadcasting St. Louis baseball have been one long crusade for pennants, a stance that might be expected to have endeared him to all Cardinals past and present, but which, on the contrary, has left a scattered trail of athletes who would have enjoyed seeing him transferred to Ping-Pong broadcasts in Yokohama.

"What's Caray got against you anyway, Meat?" asks Mrs. Jim Brosnan in a passage from *The Long Season*, a reminiscence her pitcher-husband wrote in 1960.

"To hell with Tomato-Face," answers Brosnan. "He's one of those emotional radio guys. All from the heart,

continued

y'know? I guess he thinks I'm letting the Cardinals down, and he's taking it as a personal insult."

"Well, you ought to spit tobacco juice on his shoe, or something. It's awful the way he blames you for everything."

Caray remembers Brosnan's peevish prose with equanimity now that Brosnan is out of baseball. "I've seen him many times since," he says, "and we get along splendidly. Of course," Caray adds, repaying Brosnan with a needle straight to the ego, "he doesn't throw the home run ball anymore."

In the prudent little world of sports announcers most men stand ready to go to the North Pole, if necessary, to avoid any conflict. The announcer is hired and fired by the ball club or sponsor, or by the two in concert; he is, in short, an organization man, whose paycheck is a writ of mandamus that says, "Be positive." Inasmuch as the Cardinals are owned by a brewery, Anheuser-Busch, Inc., and in a sense are a continuous promotional campaign for its various beers, their announcer figures to be positive through hell, 6% and 10-game losing streaks. But the trouble with Harry Caray—born, orphaned at 10 and raised in St. Louis—is that he has never got it through his head that he is not still sitting in the bleachers, still endowed with the right to issue a loud raspberry.



Caray pals with boss, friend and —sometimes—protector, Gussie Busch.

"Harry is a fan," says Cardinal Manager Red Schoendienst. "Hell, he dies with the Cardinals." Their acts of heroism move him to deafening cheers, but their failures make his teeth grind. And because his exasperation leaks from his lips into his microphone, he has been despised by more than one Cardinal manager, denounced in print by a clutch of Cardinal players and called onto the carpet so often that it is almost threadbare. Pinching his forefinger and thumb together, Caray says, "I can't tell you how many times I've been this close to getting fired."

A fairly typical example of Caray's attraction to turbulence involves Eddie (The Brat) Stanky. As he lunches at Busch's Grove, a posh suburban St. Louis restaurant *not* owned by Cardinal President Gussie Busch, Caray traces Stanky's antipathy toward him. Caray's face is, as Brosnan suggested, right off a tomato counter, but at 51, a thickset man measuring a fraction of an inch under six feet, he is a picture of sophisticated leisure. Fresh from a $15 tonsorial treatment by Walter of the Colony Salon, his wavy hair is graying gracefully. He wears a black blazer, white turtleneck, tattersall slacks, white loafers and, of course, large sunglasses. He orders another Scotch sour—"Have Otis make it," he specifies to the waiter—and then delves to the bottom of the Stanky-Caray Seventeen Years War.

It seems that one day in 1951, when Stanky was on his last legs as a New York Giant second baseman and Caray was at the mike during a Giant-Cardinal game, an umpire gave Stanky the heave-ho. His replacement then made a sensational play to snuff out a Cardinal rally. "Great stop!" Caray cried into his mike. "There's a case where the Giants get a big break. If Stanky's not out of the game, it's a base hit!"

The next year Stanky—a clean-living, churchgoing family man but equipped with a blowtorch temper—became the Cardinals' manager. "You're the guy," he groused at Caray, "who said I couldn't get off a dime."

"I did not," Caray fired back. "I didn't say anything about a dime. I didn't *mention* the word." Much preferring offense to defense, Caray then drove Stanky to the wall, so to speak, by railing, "When you deliberately twist someone's words, doesn't it hurt your conscience, you being such a devout man?" In the ensuing years the dialogue between manager and broadcaster lacked flavor only in that the two antagonists did not wear spurs on their heels, but somehow Stanky never got around to taking a punch at Caray. "Oh, no," says Caray over his Scotch sour at Busch's Grove. "Nor I at him."

As the Cardinals sank toward seventh place in Stanky's fourth season as manager, Gussie Busch's Anheuser-Busch lieutenants took a hard look not only at Stanky but at Caray as well. "Stanky was very unpopular with the fans," Caray recalls, adding with heavy sarcasm, "and the reason he was unpopular was me." Caray fingers Busch's top public-relations adviser, one Al Fleishman, as the man who advanced this theory in high councils, although Fleishman maintains he did nothing of the sort. "Fleishman's approach was that I should be more sympathetic to Stanky," Caray insists. "I can't recall ever criticizing his managing tactics. I got enough headaches as a broadcaster without worrying about Stanky's image. He'd step onto the field and there would be a loud boo. The thinking was that there was something I could do to keep that boo from being so audible over the mike."

In the end it was Stanky who was fired, but the two continued to search out one another's jugular vein from a distance. The Cardinals, bewildered by a slump last May, could cure themselves by consulting Harry Caray's keen base-

continued

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ball mind, Stanky acidly suggested in a radio appearance. KEEP UP THE WONDERFUL WORK, Caray wired Stanky as the White Sox, with Stanky as manager, staggered through a torrent of defeats that led to Stanky's resignation.

One reason that Caray has been able to survive the acrimony of field managers and high-echelon counselors in the Anheuser-Busch palace is that for two decades he has possessed the most fanatical following of any broadcaster in baseball. Through a network of 124 stations in 14 Midwestern, Southern and Southwest states, his unabashed trumpeting of Cardinal rallies brings genuine excitement to small towns and villages. Moreover, untold numbers of Cardinal fans, long since transplanted to the distant East or Northwest, sit glued to car radios to pick up the extremely powerful nighttime signal of Caray's St. Louis station, KMOX, which under the right conditions can be heard in 45 states. "Cardinals win! Cardinals win! Cardinals win! Cardinals win!" the faithful hear Caray scream as if he were on closed circuit to the Home for the Deaf. When he appears at smokers and Elks Club gatherings in the provinces, grown men beg him to describe an imaginary home run. He does, and as the imaginary ball clears the imaginary wall the grown men bolt to their feet cheering.

No sir, Caray is having none of that drawing-room dignity affected by the boys with pear-shaped tones. Nor, as he settles into his Busch Stadium chair for a series with the Giants, is he having any of that kid-glove technique the ballplayers love so well.

"Here's Ty Cline, who's modeled a few uniforms," Caray announces in the first inning. "His name reminds you of Ty Cobb." Then the withering appendage: "And he's batting .185." From the enemy Caray soon turns to the home team. "Here's slumping Orlando Cepeda, with two strikes on him and two runners waiting to be driven in. Struck him out, *on a bad ball!*" Back to the Giants. At bat is Willie Mays, of whom broadcasters speak encomiums. Steve Carlton fires. "Hooo! What a cut he took!" Carlton fires again. "Hooo! What a cut! Man, I've never seen Mays take a more vicious cut in his life. Looked like he left both his feet!" Carlton fires a third time, and Mays lands among the mortals. "Struck him out—on a bad fastball over his head!"

Although one might interpret these outcries as nothing more than blunt reportage, legions of ballplayers categorize such technique as the work of a "ripper." In the peculiar accountancy of many baseball players all criticisms and harsh truths are entered upon the memory with indelible ink, while compliments are apt to fade away like dandelion chaff in a spring breeze. ("And the funny thing is," points out a San Francisco Giants official, "that ballplayers take it for granted that every nice word said about them is absolutely accurate.") Sensitivities being what they are, it was not surprising that Tracy Stallard, pitching for the Cardinals three years ago, rose to a boil when Caray said of him over the air, "I'm surprised more clubs don't bunt on him. He's slow fielding bunts and slow covering first base." To St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* baseball writer Jack Herman, Stallard issued a furious denunciation of Caray, who was deeply wounded when he read Herman's story. Caray hints he'd done Stallard personal kindnesses. "He's a real nice kid, he really is," Caray adds. "He's a big, good-looking guy, a night person, my kind of guy." One night, shortly after Stallard had leveled his blast, Caray was standing at the bar of a St. Louis club. Stallard, seated at a table with a young lady, arose and strode to the bar. "This girl I'm with would like to meet you, Harry," he said. "Would you sit down with us for a minute?"

To the real nice kid Caray answered, "Drop dead."

Caray's detractors insist that he can damn a ballplayer in his broadcasts without misstating a single fact but merely by employing the inflection of disgust. It is said, for example, that simply by repeating time and again the number of base runners ex-Cardinal Ken Boyer left stranded, Caray planted St. Louis fans squarely on Boyer's back. Around the National League ballplayers do takeoffs on Caray's narration of a Boyer turn at bat. "It's the last of the ninth," goes one version. "The Cardinals have the tying run on second. Two out. Boyer's the hitter. We'll be back in one minute with the wrap-up."



Getting tonsorial works, Caray quietly readies for another stormy day.

"Listen," says Caray in defense of himself, "I don't believe any ballplayer ever put on a Cardinal uniform who shouldn't have known that I wanted his success as much as he did. But I refuse to fool the audience. These ball club-controlled announcers think they can, but they're crazy."

Put in perspective, Caray's skirmishes with players and managers are infrequent happenings spaced over a broadcasting career of more than two decades; yet, because he works in a world of play-by-play pacifists, he emerges as a sort of Roland daring the Saracen jockos to take him on 50 at a time. Still, a great many ballplayers like him. A fun-loving man who talks the earthy language of the ball field, he hears raucous, good-natured greetings as he approaches enemy

continued

dugouts. "Harry is my friend," says Cepeda with evident sincerity. Caray seldom passes a ballplayer's restaurant table without sending over a round of drinks, and when players find themselves short of cash on the road they know he always will come up fast with $100.

Up in Caray's booth the athletes are not always getting the short end of his critical stick—not by a long shot. "I have never seen a better play!" he bellows orgiastically as Mike Shannon makes a rather pretty play along the third-base line. Second Baseman Julian Javier charges a slow roller and goes into the Hall of Fame alongside Napoleon Lajoie and Frankie Frisch. "Beautiful! Ho-lee cow, he got him! There's no play he can't make, that Javier!" A batter pops a foul back toward Caray's booth, whereupon Caray, who may have stripped to his shorts in St. Louis' hot, humid climate, seizes a long pole, a fishing net attached to its end. He crashes over an empty chair to his right, lunges halfway out of his booth in an unrewarded attempt to snare the foul and then returns to his chair grimacing, having given his elbow a terrific crack on the railing.

To Caray's left in the booth sits a mountain of unopened fan mail, and beside that rises a growing hill of messages scrawled on crumpled pieces of paper and bits of cardboard. The messages, constantly being delivered by an usher, come from fans who have traveled to Busch Stadium from outlying points. (Surveys have shown that 40% of the Cardinals' summertime crowds come from Caray's out-of-town strongholds.) "My favorite town!" he crows as he glances at a note and reports the name of a fan in attendance from Monkeys Eyebrow, Ky. or Number Nine, Ark., at which the high-powered public-relations firm of Fleishman, Hillard, Wilson & Ferguson, the P.R. men representing Anheuser-Busch, scowl, calculating that for every fan Caray mentions he offends 20 others.

"Fleishman said this bit isn't class," Caray snorts. "I said, 'You're talking about people who come to the ball park. If I got a guy here from Timbuktu, I'll help him to be proud of Timbuktu,' I told Fleishman, 'Class, my ass!' "

An analysis of Caray's audience impact—one that is repeated so often it is almost a refrain—is that Cardinal fans either love Caray or hate him, there being no middle ground. The haters, most of whom seem to be concentrated in St. Louis, where big-city sophisticates doubt his melodramatic word pictures, worry Fleishman, the Philistine in Caray's nightmares. "Anheuser-Busch's motto is 'Making Friends Is Our Business,' " Fleishman points out. A tanned, slightly paunchy man with white hair and a cigar clenched in a curled forefinger, Fleishman recalls that Caray, in reply to a critical letter from a woman listener, exploded on the air, denouncing the woman in terms that judges save for those who molest old ladies. Top-level conferences had to be called. Indeed, when Caray's eye lights on a harsh fan letter, he is apt to dictate a reply that is doubly nasty. His secretary, Mrs. Bea Higgins, surreptitiously throws the dictation into the nearest wastebasket and sends out a gentle thank-you-for-your-interest note instead.

Fleishman, meanwhile, denies that he has ever tried to have Caray fired ("Never, never—that's not my role!") and, in fact, relates that when Anheuser-Busch purchased the Cardinals in 1953 it was he who convinced Gussie Busch to keep Caray at the mike. Of course, he did not foresee the fun to follow. "About six years ago," Fleishman says, "Harry called me a liar in a dispute over a contractual matter. I said, 'The fact that you call me a liar doesn't make me one. Only the facts can do that.' This was in Mr. Busch's presence." Busch wearily ordered them to knock it off and shake hands. "But we've really gotten along—amazingly enough," Fleishman says.

Caray agrees this is so. "But I never walk with my back to him," he says.

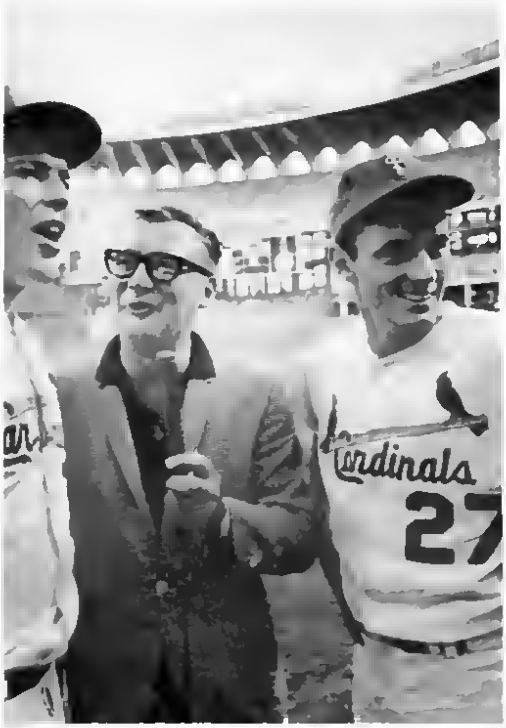
Unable to purge himself of his unruly bleacherite ways, Caray goes on inviting little enemy fires around his existence which, on an annual income somewhat in excess of $100,000, is cushy indeed. Besides broadcasting Cardinal baseball, he does a daily 10-minute sports show on KMOX and broadcasts University of Missouri football. "When he hollers 'Touchdown!' " says one Caray critic, "your ears can fall off." The father of five children, two by his present wife, Marian, and three by an earlier marriage, Caray lives in an exclusive suburb called Ladue, in a 10-room colonial-style house with heated swimming pool, three French poodles, a black Labrador retriever and a shaggy Sicilian donkey named Buzzy. The donkey is a result of a conversation Gussie Busch and Caray had at the side of the Caray pool.

"You don't have a Sicilian donkey," Busch suddenly observed, as if no home is complete without one.

"Of course I don't have a Sicilian donkey," Caray replied.

"You ought to have one," snapped Busch.

At 7:30 the next morning a Sicilian donkey stood at the Carays' doorstep. Somewhat grimly, Caray points out that it cost him $1,380 for a corral and shed as well as a harness and rig for the amusement of his children. The feed bill runs



Caray, shown with Johnny Edwards and Dal Maxvill, is liked by many players.

from $45 to $55 a month, Marian Caray points out, and the donkey keeps kicking the shed apart. Gussie Busch, fretting not long ago that Caray's donkey needed a companion, had one of his employees phone the Caray residence to say that a second Sicilian ass would be sent over in the morning. "Forget it!" screamed Caray. The fact is, however, that he could afford a herd of elephants, for in addition to his broadcasting income, he has invested shrewdly in securities, principally Anheuser-Busch stock. Even his St. Louis friends who know him as an irrepressible check-grabber are unaware that Harry Caray, ex-orphan, is a millionaire.

Born Harry Carabina of French-Italian-Rumanian parentage, he spent his early years in a tough neighborhood a few blocks from downtown St. Louis. When he was an infant his father died, and when he was 10 his mother died of cancer. Passed around through foster homes, he was the only child in his grammar school class who did not own a pair of white duck trousers for commencement. "It was a mortifying feeling I'll never forget," he says. In his teens he landed with an aunt, Mrs. Doxie Argint, and moved to Webster Groves, a tony suburban address at the time. But soon after, Mrs. Argint's husband moved out, leaving her to raise Harry and two children of her own. Among Webster Groves' affluent youth Harry was a pauper child.

"I was always a nut about baseball," he says today, describing himself as having been a weak hitter but a dazzling fielder. "Well," says a St. Louis advertising executive named Frank Fuchs Jr., once a high school classmate of Caray, "in *his* mind, he was damned good. He was a wiry little guy, but a competitor. Even if you benched him he'd be throwing every pitch, swinging every bat." Following graduation from high school, Caray hoped to fatten up his 130-pound physique and become a big-league hitting prospect. He spent two years working as a flunky in a fight camp but then took a $17-a-week office job in St. Louis, married a home-town girl and finally, at 23, when it was too late, began to

continued

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1 oz Light Rum
¼ oz Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz Pineapple Juice
½ oz White of Egg
¼ oz Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit





ITALIAN STINGER
1¼ oz Galliano
1 oz White Creme de Menthe
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass

JUMP UP AND KISS ME
(Specialty of Buccaneer Hotel St. Croix, V.I.)
1 oz Galliano
1 oz Pineapple Juice
1 oz Barbados Rum
¼ oz Apricot Flavored Brandy
¼ oz Lemon Juice
1 egg white ea
½ oz Frothy
Add crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds. Serve in 10 to 12 oz. brandy snifter.





GALLIANO MIST
Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

ROMAN COFFEE
(Albino Cavallo, New Oriental Hotel Melbourne, Australia)
In each large cup pour 1 oz. measure of Galliano, add one teaspoon of sugar, add hot strong black coffee to approximately ½ inch from top of cup, swizzle, then add cream.



GALLIANO SCREWDRIVER
(Created by C. Charles Fiore, Boston, Massachusetts)
1 oz Galliano
3 oz. Orange Juice
½ tsp Lemon Juice
Pour over ice and stir.



YELLOW BIRD
⅓ jigger Galliano
1 jigger White Rum
⅓ jigger Triple Sec
Juice of 1 lime
Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into stemmed glass with lime slice as garnish



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put on weight. Casting around, he hit upon an idea

Seated in the bleachers at old Sportsman's Park, Caray found that baseball made him quiver with excitement, and he felt that what St. Louis baseball needed was an announcer who could breathe that excitement into a broadcast. One day he wrote a brash letter to Merle Jones, then general manager of KMOX, informing him that he, Harry Caray, who had never spoken into a microphone, was that announcer. Jones auditioned him and, Caray likes to recall, immediately declared, "You have the same exciting timbre as Ted Husing and Graham McNamee!" Nevertheless, the best that Jones could do was recommend him to a station in the industrial town of Joliet, Ill. There, in the summer of 1940, Caray scored his first success. As a man-in-the-street interviewer he accosted immigrant housewives lugging shopping bags and dirty-faced children and demanded of them, "Did you marry your first love? Have you ever caught your daughter necking?" The housewives fought for the privilege of telling him their intimate secrets

Inching upwards, Caray moved on to Kalamazoo, Mich. and finally, in 1944, what with big-city stations losing personnel to the wartime draft, landed back in St. Louis as a staff announcer and then sportscaster. (The Army had rejected him because of myopia, a development that his critics of today may view with a knowing nod.) Late that same year Caray got his big break. Griesedieck Brothers, a St. Louis brewery, decided to sponsor Cardinals and Browns broadcasts. The company's ad agency formed a completely new team of broadcasters and hired Caray to be No. 3 man. "I was to read commercials, that's all," he says. Then the admen set out to find a big-name, play-by-play broadcaster who could hold his own against a competing station. But as the winter dragged on, the search yielded no star. So Caray barged into the office of Ed Griesedieck, the brewery president, and said, "Why not me?"

Griesedieck frowned at his uninvited visitor. Look, he said, the job demands

a man of experience and craft. "When a real pro is at work," Griesedieck went on, "I can have a cup of coffee and read a newspaper without having my concentration interrupted."

"That's why you want to hire me," Caray cried. "You're spending big money to put your message across. Shouldn't you have a broadcaster who makes people put down their newspaper?"

For a full minute Griesedieck stared at Caray. Finally he said, "Dammit, you're right."

Off and running, Caray battled the competition—play-by-play man Johnny O'Hara and his famous sidekick, folksy Dizzy Dean—with his breathless excitement. It is said that Dean, seated in a booth adjacent to Caray's, one day overheard Caray describe a routine infield play in terms suited to a miracle of acrobatics, whereupon Diz leaned into Caray's booth and slowly shook his head, as if to say, "Are we broadcasting the same game?"

The next year, 1946, Caray made his big breakthrough. That season the Cardinals forged into the thick of the pennant race, whipping public interest to a fever pitch. Accordingly, the radio stations decided that on days when the Cardinals were playing on the road and the Browns were idle or rained out, the Cardinal game would be broadcast in "recreated" form—that is, the announcers would broadcast from their St. Louis studios, giving the play-by-play as it came in on a Western Union ticker. The chief flaw in this arrangement was that the ticker frequently broke down, sometimes for as long as five minutes, leaving the listening audience with deadly stretches of silence or meaningless helpings of trivia from the announcers. Caray, however, put his wits to work.

"I developed a helluva flair," he says. "When the ticker slowed up or broke down, I'd create an argument on the ball field. Or I'd have a sandstorm blowing up and the ballplayers calling time to wipe their eyes. Hell, all the ticker tape carried was the bare essentials—B1, S1, B2, B3. So I used the license of imagination, without destroying the basic facts, you understand. A foul ball was 'a high foul back to the rail, the catcher is racing back, he can't get it—a pretty blonde in a red dress, amply endowed, has herself a souvenir!'" It sold Griesedieck beer.

Also it sold Caray to Cardinal club owner Sam Breadon the next year when Breadon assigned exclusive radio rights to a single station. Choosing Caray's Griesedieck beer over O'Hara's and Dean's Falstaff, Breadon told Caray, "You put people in my ball park." In the years since, Caray has proceeded on a course that somehow has continued through four Cardinal presidents—Breadon, Bob Hannegan, Fred Saigh Jr. and Busch—and enough strife to reduce the ordinary play-by-play man to quivering jelly. Regarded, for example, as a second-guessing so-and-so by onetime Cardinal Manager Eddie Dyer, Caray reported to club headquarters one day in 1950 for a press conference at which Dyer was scheduled to announce his resignation. "Stay out of the room," Saigh told Caray, blocking the entrance. Dyer had warned Saigh that if he laid eyes on Caray he would punctuate his swan song by belting him in the teeth.

"Baloney," said Caray. "He saw me yesterday. He had a chance to punch me yesterday."

"Do me a favor," Saigh said wearily. "Just stay away, will you?"

The St. Louis press devoted generous space, possibly with relish, to Saigh's quarantining of Caray in an anteroom. Understandably, the newspapermen bore him little love, for on his increasingly popular afternoon sportscast, *Sports Digest*, he had adopted a tired, but nevertheless effective, artifice: "You won't read this in the papers, *but*"—as if to convey that only he shared his information with the public.



Sicilian donkey, a gift from Card Owner Busch, is one of the few creatures in this world that has ever got the best of Caray.

Though his radio fans multiplied, Caray's pugnacity inevitably carried him to a precipice overlooking oblivion, where he teetered on an evening in 1957. That year Cardinal General Manager Frank Lane resigned, embittered by interference from Busch's brewery lieutenants. Soon after Busch held a formal dinner party at his home, Grant's Farm. The guest list consisted of the Carays and a dozen important St. Louis men and their wives. During cocktails Busch hovered about Caray, repeatedly asking

continued

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly, except one issue at year end, at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611 for October 7, 1968. The General Business Offices of the Publisher are located at Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

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The average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months are: (A) Total no. of copies printed: 1,593,000; (B1) Paid circulation through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 87,600; (B2) Paid circulation through mail subscriptions: 1,408,000; (C) Total paid circulation: 1,495,600; (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means: 30,700; (E) Total distribution: 1,526,300; (F) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 66,700. (G) Total: 1,593,000.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Peter Hanson
Business Manager

LOUDMOUTH HARRY *continued*

bim, "What do you think about Lane? Don't you think we're better off?"

Caray sidestepped Busch's questions, but Busch persisted into dinner. "All right," said Caray finally, "if you're forcing me to, I think Frank Lane would have been great, just perfect, if there weren't so many stumbling blocks thrown into his path. Hell, are you kidding?" he roared at Busch. "Who the hell do you have who can carry Frank Lane's briefcase?"

A whisper could be heard as clearly as a cannon in the horrified silence that followed. Then, far down at the foot of the table, a slender matron in a sequined gown leaned into the ear of her neighbor, Mrs. Gussie Busch, and whispered.

"If I were Gussie," she hissed, "I'd fire the son of a bitch."

Marian Caray, a black-haired woman seated to Gussie's left at the head of the table, came up from her chair with fists clenched and dark eyes flashing. "Did I hear you call my husband a son of a bitch?" she demanded.

"No, no," came the reply. "I was talking about the stableboy."

"You are not telling the truth," snapped Marian.

"Shall we have after-dinner drinks in the living room?" Mrs. Busch interrupted sweetly.

As the guests filed into the living room a member of the Cardinal board of directors, Mark D. Eagleton, drew alongside Caray and said, "I admire your guts, Harry, but I don't know about your judgment. I hope things work out all right." Next, Robert Baskowitz Sr., a glass manufacturer who sold bottles to Anheuser-Busch, sidled up and said, "Harry, it took a lotta guts. Good luck."

"Well," said Caray to himself, "there's gotta be some good jobs around somewhere." To his wife he sighed, "Come on, Marian. Let's get out of here." Then, suddenly, he heard Busch's rasping voice bellow at him.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"I'm going home. I got indigestion."

"You're staying right here," Busch commanded. With that, he threw his arm around Caray and growled "You son of a bitch. Are you afraid I'm going to fire you? Hell, if you'd have given me any other answer to that question about Lane, you *would* have been fired."

In retrospect Caray suspects—and Busch confirms the suspicion—that Busch knew of his admiration for Lane and deliberately had been putting his veracity to a test. "You see," says Caray, "everybody's got the idea that you gotta be a yes-man to Gussie Busch. Hell, he's the most democratic bastard in the world."

Certainly Caray stood in need of the democratic tycoon's goodwill when, four years later, the brewery hierarchy sat down to what one of them—a man named Curt Lohr—has described as the Court Martial of Harry Caray. The prelude to this crisis sounded when Caray popped up before his *Sports Digest* mike and read an editorial from a Lexington, Ky. newspaper condemning the St. Louis Hawks basketball club and the Boston Celtics for a lackluster exhibition they had played in Lexington. "The gist of it was that you saw more action in a University of Kentucky practice session than in an NBA game," Caray says. In almost less time than it takes to say "I'll have a Bud," the long tentacles of the advertising industry had Caray by the throat.

Gardner Advertising of St. Louis, you see, had just come off a hard sell to Hawks club owner Ben Kerner, persuading him to switch Hawks broadcasts from Falstaff to Busch beer. Caray's *Sports Digest* also was sponsored by Busch. So Kerner bearded the Gardner boys in their lair and said in effect, "First you tell me how much you love me and in the next breath you're letting that guy blast my property." Gardner raced into conference with Anheuser-Busch executives, then fired off a telegram to Caray informing him that he was suspended indefinitely from the air.

Caray at once suspected a plot to rid the airwaves of him once and for all. "I think it was a squeeze play," he says. Kerner, he believes, was trying to pave the way for his friend Buddy Blattner to seize Caray's chair in the Cardinal broad-

continued



We wanted our socks to be the world's most stubborn. So they'd stay where they're supposed to. Without budging. We got them: the Shur-up with spandex stretch fiber all through the leg. Now in 3 lengths. Anklet. Mid-calf. Over-The-Calf®. And in a zillion colors. Machine washable Orlon® acrylic/stretch nylon. One size for 10-13. From $1.50.

We didn't get to be the greatest name in socks without putting our foot down. Another fine product of Kayser-Roth.

Maybe your should more than just

These better-idea Fords do all a second car can do, plus a great deal more.



Fine-car luxury in a hard-working pickup . . . Ford Ranchero. It looks just like a fina car. Rides and handles like one. But in the raar is a roomy 6½-foot pickup box to carry bulky loads no car ever could. Color-coordinated intariors with choice of bucket seats, AM/FM Stereo Radio, SelectAire conditioner, power steering and power front disc brakes. Seven engines including two 428-cu. in. V-8's.



Carry 12 people comfortably in Ford's new Club Wagon. Wagons always make great second cars, but here's the "greatest"—the roomiest wagon ever builtl Room for as many as 12 adults, or room for over *twice* tha cargo ordinary wagons hold, plus fiva people. Wida choice of interior plans. Smooth-riding Twin-I-Beam front suspension. Power up to a 302-cu. in. V-8. Manual or SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission.

second car
be
a second car





Go anywhere with a 4-wheel drive Ford Bronco. A nimble, round-tha-town second car, or a spirited hunting and fishing companion that dares to go where roads don't! 4-wheel-drive traction sails you through mud, snow, sand. Smooth riding with Mono-Beam front suspension; easy handling with 33-ft. turning clearance; sure going with powerful Six or V-8 engina up to 205 hp. Many accessories including snowplow.

Enjoy motel facilities wherever you are with a Ford Camper Special. Ford, the pickup that works like a truck and rides like a car, is already a popular second car, and the Camper Special model has all the heavy-duty components to handle camper bodies up to 14 ft. Twin-I-Beam front suspansion smooths your way. Options include power stearing and brakes, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, air conditioning.

FORD

Before you buy a color tv, be sure you give it The Face Test.

There's a funny thing about the human face. Its subtle colors are the hardest thing for a color tv to reproduce accurately. That's why Philco proposes The Face Test.

Take a close look at the faces on a color tv before you buy it. If you see good, lifelike flesh tones, you know that set can get any colors right.

Philco Color TV is specially designed to give good skin color. Our low-demodulation circuit in all big-screen models produces a wider range of the colors that make up flesh tones. This makes it easier to adjust them accurately. The faces don't jump to violent red or green the moment you touch the tint control.

Philco also has an exclusive tuning system. It makes sure you get the proper color signal on all channels. Even in fringe areas. And we have a special control which lets you adjust the picture as sharp or as soft as you like.

Don't buy a color tv till you've given it The Face Test. After all, faces are what you'll be looking at most after you've bought it.

PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER



Philco gets the faces right. The rest is easy.

Simulated tv picture

Philco-Ford Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134

casting booth. "And the agency felt that I'm hard to control." For four months Caray remained suspended while broadcasting people, a species that by instinct can spot a vulture 20 yards and beat it to a dying body, buzzed excitedly that Caray was a goner.

Finally, the Gardner admen called for a meeting to settle his fate. Busch presided, surrounded by his big guns in advertising, P.R. and beer sales. Through the room ran the sentiment that life would be simpler if Caray's contract were terminated. But then, as Busch patiently heard each man in turn, he at last got to Curt Lohr. Lohr, a stocky, fair-skinned man who at the time headed the brewery's sales in the St. Louis area, spoke his piece bluntly.

"All Caray did," he said, "was read an editorial that was printed in a newspaper that already had been read wherever it was circulated. What this boils down to is a personality clash. A good company does not deal in personalities."

Now Busch himself spoke. "Has everybody had his say?" he asked. "O.K., then pack up your briefcases and get the hell out of here. You've taken up enough of my time. If you think I'm gonna fire the greatest broadcaster in baseball just because you people can't get along with him, you're crazy."

Actually, with each passing crisis, Caray has seemed to grow stronger. He wound up, ironically, doing telecasts of Ben Kerner's Hawks games, while his eldest son, Skip Caray, did the Hawks' radio broadcasts. Busch gives Caray absolute freedom of speech, although Busch points out that "I can go crazy when he gives it that 'Ho-lee cow, it's going out of here!' and then it's a foul ball." In recent years both insiders and the general public have come to suspect that Caray is a power behind the Cardinal throne—a voice in Busch's ear telling him which Cardinals to value and which to get rid of. Cardinal Public Relations Director Bob Harlan recalls that when he spoke at a smoker in a southern Illinois town, a fan in the audience asked him if it was Caray who persuaded the

continued





This is one form of communication we haven't been able to improve on.

Just a few minutes ago, Bob returned from a two-week business trip to Europe. This "welcome home" is saying more than any words ever could.

But Fran had time to do her hair, tidy up the house and prepare a special dinner, complete with candlelight, because she got the message about her husband's flight home from a cablegram "via ITT."

This is routine for a lot of people every day, because we operate a communications network made up of thousands of cable, radio and satellite circuits and can transmit a message to almost any point on the globe

We have installed telephone equipment and systems in 71 countries around the world. Our microwave systems not only link nations but also are used by pipeline companies, railroads and industrial firms

Making communications history

Last year we made telephone history with a new computerized electronic switching system which uses a special-purpose computer to control the switching network in a public telephone system And we also made history with the first transportable earth station for communicating via satellite Fifteen of these are now operational or under construction, worldwide

With our DATEL service, computers in the U S can exchange information with their counterparts in Europe at the rate of 1,330 words a minute

Every day the U S. Department of State channels some 10,000 messages to almost 300 diplomatic posts around the world The heart of State's new high-speed communications center is a specialized electronic switching system designed, built and installed by one of our companies The system also processes messages into the diplomatic telecommunications network of the White House, the U N in New York, and certain government agencies in the Washington area

Similar systems also serve the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and some of the world's busiest airlines

Recently, computers in Washington, D.C. and Houston were linked to an American soldier in a Tokyo hospital to provide "instant" diagnosis of his condition by medical research centers, thousands of miles away.

Information on the patient's condition was sped to the medical centers over a 50,000-mile communications link, via satellite and telephone-company landlines. One of our companies set up the link and acted as technical coordinator for the two-day demonstration which underscored the growing application of communications in the solution of complex medical problems.

One of our inventions, Pulse Code Modulation (PCM), has become the standard technique for simultaneously transmitting large numbers of telephone conversations. PCM can increase the conversation load of existing telephone cables twelve-fold

We've also invented a technique that could make a light beam carry 6,000 PCM channels. And then make the light travel along a glass fiber, little thicker than a human hair. Over a cable of such fibers, the entire population of New York City could, theoretically, speak at the same time with everyone in Los Angeles.

Better services for you

In all areas of communication, our expertise and resources generate increased competition within industries which results in more efficient use of manpower and material. This means better communication services for you and people all over the world.

But there's one form of communication we're not trying to improve on. We'll leave that to people like Fran and Bob.

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ITT



RCA's Tabletop Concert Hall

The *Berkshire*. A solid state (no tubes) portable stereo, 6-speaker FM-AM and FM stereo radio. The RCA Pause Selector lets you stop the music if you're interrupted, then pick up where you left off—without missing a beat Take a good listen at your RCA dealer.

The advanced design stereos for 1969

RCA



Few home movies are bad enough to turn your stomach Most, simply put you to sleep They're supposed to *move* Most don't So they look home-made

Unless you take them with one of Bauer's eight Super 8 movie cameras Because all eight offer professional features that add pace, variety and interesting effects to your movies Depending on the model, features like 8-to-1 *powar* zoom lansas; an automatic wiping mask for fade-ins end fade-outs, and the *slowast* slow motion in Super 8. Plus bright, reflex viewing for perfect focus and thru-the-lens light metering for automatically correcl exposures.

Prices range from about $50* to $420* Bauer's three great Super 8 projectors start at about $80* See them all at your camera dealer

Or write for information Allied Impex Corp 300 Park Ave So , New York 10010 Chicago Dallas Glendale Calif

Get even. Send us 50c and the name of your favorite home-movie hero. We'll send you a certificate you can award him in recognition of his talents Maybe he'll get the message.



Bauer*

for home movies that don't look home made

club to trade Ray Sadecki to San Francisco for Orlando Cepeda "Nobody laughed, either," says Harlan

"Caray plays cards with Gussie, doesn't he?" notes a St Louis sportswriter pointedly. Caray not only does, Busch agrees with a wry smile, but vehemently accuses him of cheating.

During the 1964 season when Busch was thinking of replacing Manager Johnny Keane with Leo Durocher, it was Caray whom he ordered to make contact with Durocher, then a Dodger coach, and speed him quietly from a St. Louis hotel to Grant's Farm at an early-morning hour. And before Busch eventually gave the job to Red Schoendienst, it was Harry Caray whose opinion he sought But Caray disclaims the role of court sage

"I'm positive Gussie already had made up his mind about Schoendienst before he talked to me," he protests "He asked me about Red at a party. Listen, I'd like to believe I've had something to do with some of these things but, honest to God, I haven't" Busch himself pinpoints exactly how much influence Caray has "Not a damn bit," he specifies. If he were to consult Caray on a trade in the works, Busch adds, "Harry probably would blab the trade all over town."

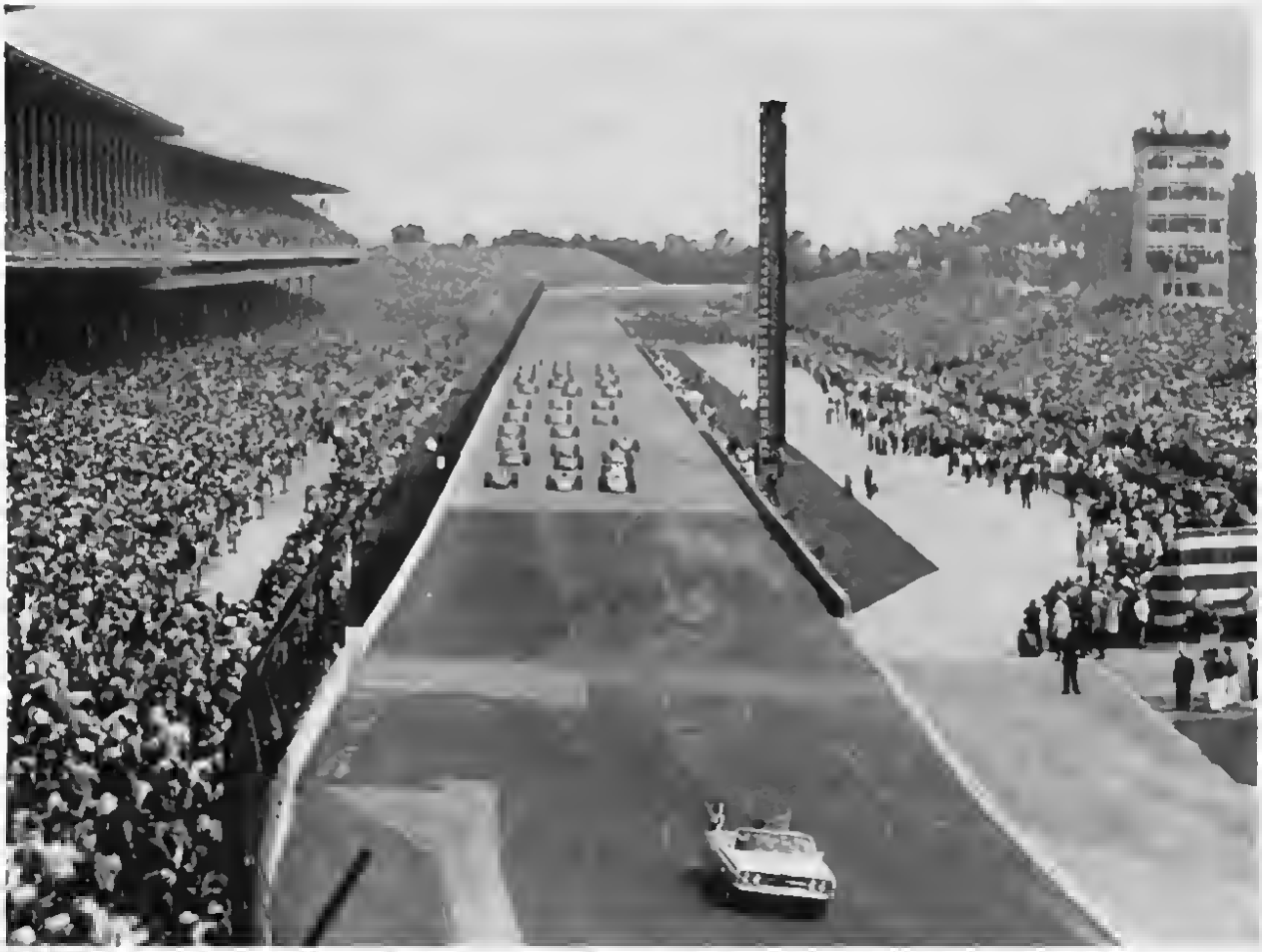
At any rate, Caray contends that he has his hands full just trying to survive. "What play-by-play announcer do you know who criticizes players, who criticizes a trade?" he demands "I like to think that if I've accomplished anything, well, I've tried to develop the feeling in the little man, the man we call the fan, that I have his interest at heart. In the baseball business I'm the last of the nonconformists. I feel that eventually, in this day and age, my kind of guy's gotta get fired"

Or perhaps confined to a padded cell. In Caray's scrapbook rest four lines of doggerel clipped from an unidentified newspaper, that say:

If you lack the tickets to see the Cards
You can listen in your own backyards,
And the greatest show, no ifs or buts,
Is to hear Harry Caray going nuts.

END

Tiger stadium.

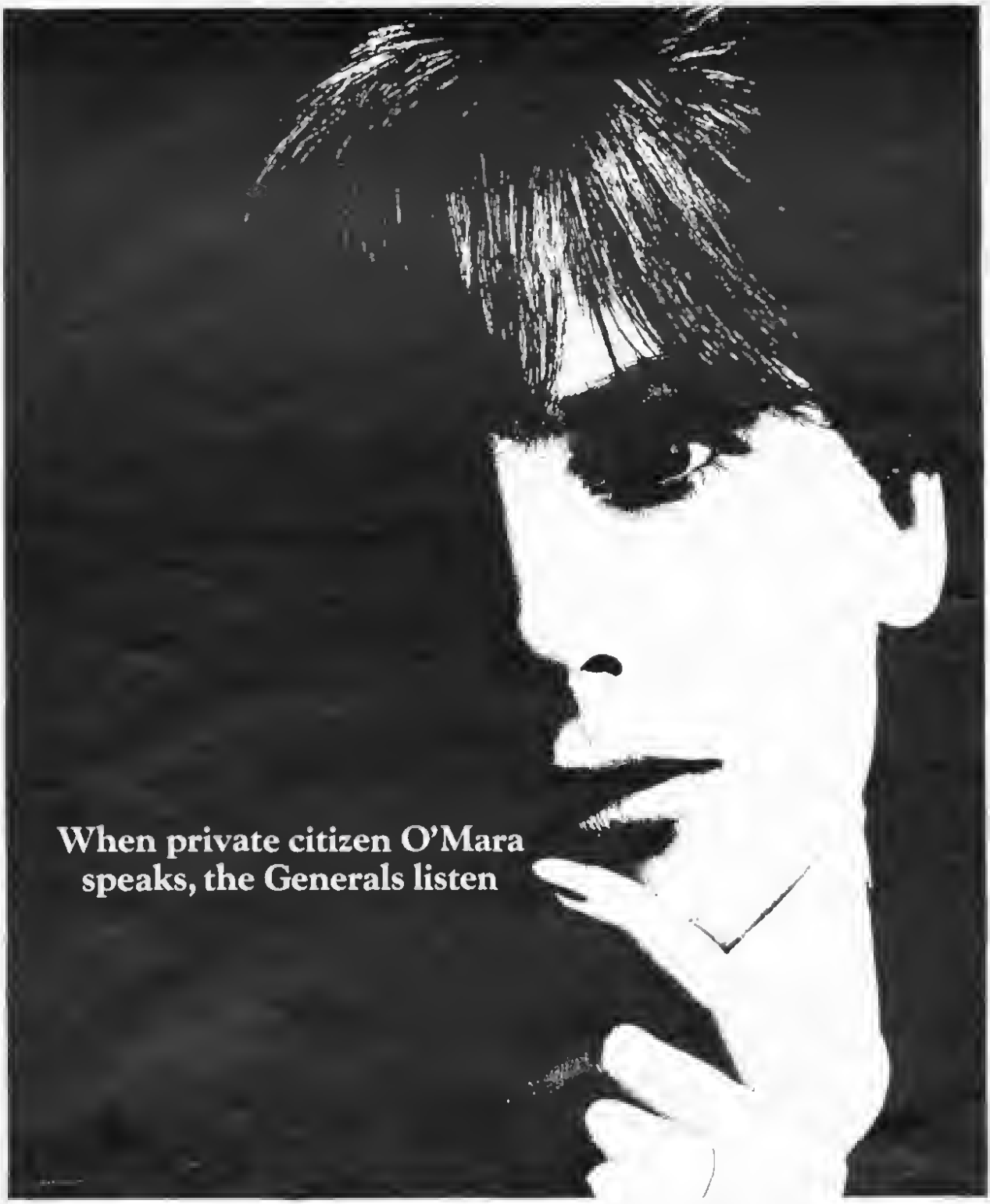


Sure, we know it's the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, but you might also call it "Tiger Stadium." Because, do you know that four times since 1964 the winning "Indy" car has been powered by the Tiger . . . special racing fuel supplied by Humble?

Take advantage of the winning know-how of the men who fueled the winner at "Indy" and the other big U.S. Auto Club Championship races. "Put a Tiger in Your Tank®!" with powerful Enco Extra gasoline.

Humble Oil & Refining Company
The People Who Powered the "Indy" Winner.

ENCO



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

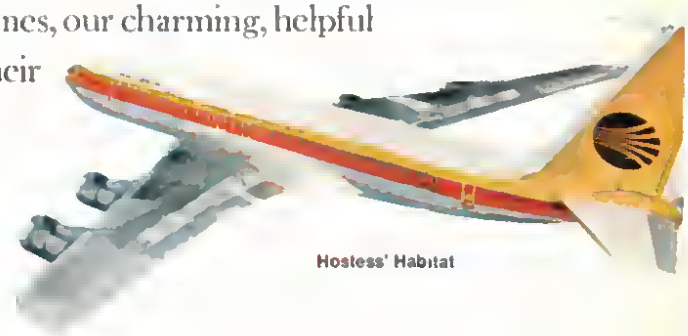
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Hostess

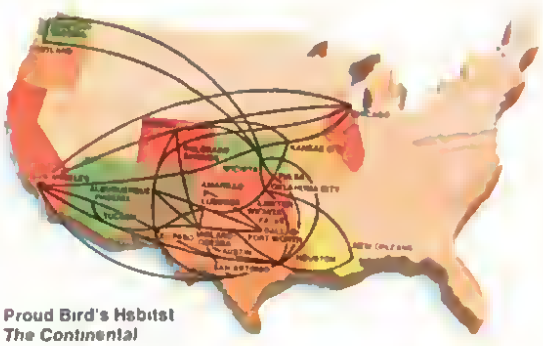
You don't expect enough of an airline.

Many airlines call their stewardesses "stewardesses". We call ours "hostesses". Why the distinction? At Continental Airlines, our charming, helpful hostesses do their jobs with an extra measure of pride. That's something you may not be used to, but on Continental you can expect it.



Hostess' Habitat

You'll feel comfortable—almost at home, because in many ways, Continental is home to our hostesses and they're proud of it. Everyone at Continental does everything for you with this same extra measure of pride. That's the difference between Continental and the other major airlines. Pride. Expect it. When you travel in our territory, the Continental States of America, come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes.



Proud Bird's Habitat
The Continental
States of America

CONTINENTAL

THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL



Will your '69 color set be as sharp in '75? Of course. If it's SHARP®

Sharp Color TV is alive. Rich. True. Vibrant. And it's built to stay that way for years to come.

Prove it to yourself.

Compare our color. With any other color set. At any price.

And compare our styling. Elegant walnut grain. Control panels both beautiful and functional. Compact portables and table models. The full range of screen sizes for family viewing . . . 12 inch, 14 inch and 18 inch.

Then compare the cost. Your price of admission to the exciting world of Sharp Color TV is surprisingly modest.

For more than half a century Sharp products have enjoyed a world wide reputation for long lasting dependability.

But one Sharp picture is worth 1000 words. See it at your nearest retailer. If he doesn't carry Sharp, other good stores do. Write us. We'll tell you where. Sharp Electronics Corporation, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

Sharp's repair rate is much lower than the industry's. Based upon U.S. Department of Commerce TV-Radio repair rate figures.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

With Bob Gibson setting a record for ERA at 1.12 and pitching 13 shutouts, ST. LOUIS (3-2) easily swept to its second consecutive pennant. SAN FRANCISCO (3-2) has a streak going, too. The Giants finished second for the fourth straight year as Willie McCovey was the league's most effective slugger. He led in homers (36) and RBIs (105) and ended up eighth in hitting (.293). Juan Marichal enjoyed his best season ever with a 26-9 record and 30 complete games. CINCINNATI (3-4) was the only team in either league to hit as in the good old days. The Reds averaged .273, 21 points better than any other team and came up with the majors' leading batter in Pete Rose (.335) and best rookie hitter in Catcher John Bench (.275 with 15 homers and 82 RBIs). With Billy Williams, Ernie Banks and Ron Santo all hitting more than 20 homers and Glenn Beckert averaging .294, CHICAGO (5-0) produced its second straight first-division finish. Joe Torre (.271 with only 10 homers) and Deron Johnson (.208) of ATLANTA (2-3) and Roberto Clemente (.291, 66 points under last year's mark) and Jim Bunning (4-14) of PITTSBURGH (2-5) had disappointing seasons, but both teams came up with bright new faces. Felix Millan (.289) joined Felipe Alou (.317) to provide most of the Braves' batting punch, while Steve Blass ran off nine straight wins in the late season to finish with an 18-6 record for the Pirates. After Don Drysdale set a record for consecutive scoreless innings in June with 58, LOS ANGELES (2-3) quickly dropped deep into the second division as former hitting stars Zoilo Versalles (.196) and Ron Fairly (.234) proved two of the year's biggest disappointments. PHILADELPHIA (3-2), tying the Dodgers for seventh place, had Chris Short's pitching (19-13) and Richie Allen's slugging (33 homers with 90 RBIs) but little else as the Phillies fell to their worst finish in six years. Both NEW YORK (2-3) and HOUSTON (2-3) had their best seasons ever. The Mets ended up less than 25 games out of first for the first time in their history and for the second straight year came up with the league's best rookie. The 1968 find, Jerry Koosman, won more games than any Met ever and finished with a 19-12 record, while 1967 Rookie of the Year Tom Seaver won 16 games. Despite their best showing, the Astros for the first time in their history still finished last.

Final Standings: StL 97-65, SF 88-74, Chi 84-78, Cin 83-79, Atl 81-81, Pitt 80-82, Phil 76-86, LA 76-86, NY 73-89, Hou 72-90

AMERICAN LEAGUE

DETROIT (2-4) finished with its first pennant in 23 years and the season's best individual performance in Denny McLain's 31-6 pitching record. The Tigers averaged only .235, but still scored more runs than any other team because of their power. Eight hitters had 10 or more home runs as the team hit 185, 52 more than BALTIMORE (2-3), which ended up second in both homers and the standings. The Orioles had surprisingly good performances by Don Buford, whose .282 was 24 points over his lifetime average, and Dave McNally, who rebounded from a 7-7 season in 1967 to post a 22-10 mark. The most disappointing Oriole was Frank Robinson, who averaged just .268, with 15 homers. CLEVELAND (3-2), after breaking fast, then slumping, came back to finish third, mostly on the strength of its pitching staff, led by Luis Tiant's 21-9 record and 1.60 ERA. Even with Pitchers Jim Lonborg and Jose Santiago injured most of the season, BOSTON (2-4) managed to salvage fourth place when it received help from National League castoffs Ray Culp (16-6) and Dick Ellsworth (16-7). Carl Yastrzemski won his third batting title, but his .301 average was the lowest winning mark ever. Fifth and sixth place NEW YORK (3-3) and OAKLAND (4-2) made surprisingly strong showings. The Yankees had the lowest team average in the majors (.214), but their pitching, paced by Mel Stottlemyre's 21-12 mark, was sharp enough to lift them far above their predicted 10th-place finish. The A's used veteran Danny Cater (.290 BA) and a horde of young players, including Reggie Jackson who slugged 29 homers, to jump four places in the standings. Seventh-place MINNESOTA (4-2) and CALIFORNIA (1-5) and CHICAGO (3-3), who shared eighth place, were all picked for the first division, but faltered sadly. The Twins' fortunes took a bad turn when slugger Harmon Killebrew missed most of the second half of the season after injuring his leg in the All-Star Game. The Angels' hitting was weak (.227), but their pitching was worse as the staff managed only 29 complete games. Starting off with a 10-game losing streak, the White Sox never recovered. Tommy Davis, with a .304 lifetime average, and Pete Ward, with .260, batted just .268 and .216, respectively. WASHINGTON (5-1) dropped four places in the standings to last, but Frank Howard still gave Senator fans a lift, leading the league in homers with 44 and finishing second in RBIs (105) for his most productive season ever.

Final Standings: Det 103-59, Balt 91-71, Clev 86-75, Bos 86-76, NY 83-79, Oak 82-80, Minn 79-83, Cal 67-95, Chi 67-95, Wash 65-96

THE BEST AND WORST OF '68

(At least 502 plate appearances or 162 innings pitched)

	NATIONAL LEAGUE				AMERICAN LEAGUE			
HITTERS	**BEST**		**WORST**		**BEST**		**WORST**	
Average	Rose, Cin	.335	Lanier, SF	.206	Yastrzemski, Bos	.301	Tresh, NY	.195
RBIs	McCovey, SF	105	Maxvill, StL	24	Harrelson, Bos	109	Belanger, Balt	21
Home runs	McCovey, SF	36	Wills, Pitt	0	Howard, Wash	44	Unser, Wash	1
Hits	Rose/Alou, Atl	210	Lanier, SF	100	Campaneris, Oak	177	Tresh, NY	99
Runs	Beckert, Chi	98	Helms, Cinn	35	McAuliffe, Det	95	Belanger, Balt	40
Stolen bases	Brock, StL	62	Maxvill, StL	0	Campaneris, Oak	62	Howard, Wash	0
Strikeouts	Beckert, Chi	20	Clendenon, Pitt	163	Tovar, Minn	41	Jackson, Oak	170
Walks	Santo, Chi	96	Helms/Lanier	12	Yastrzemski, Bos	119	Davillillo, Cal	18
PITCHERS								
Won-lost	Marichal, SF	26-9	Osteen, LA/Sadecki, SF	12-18	McLain, Det	31-6	Brunet, Cal	13-17
ERA	Gibson, StL	1.12	Wise, Phil	4.55	Tiant, Clev	1.60	Ellis, Cal	4.01
Walks (9 inn)	Hands, Chi	1.25	Maloney, Cinn	3.48	Peterson, NY	1.19	Boswell, Minn	4.07
Strikeouts (9 inn)	Singer, LA	8.09	Niekro, Chi	3.31	McDowell, Clev	9.47	Fisher, Chi	3.98
Complete games	Marichal, SF	30	Niekro, Chi	2	McLain, Det	28	Fisher, Chi	2
Shutouts	Gibson, StL	13	Jarvis, Atl	1	Tiant, Clev	9	McGlothlin, Cal	0

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—The U.S. Olympic team, well prepared by Oklahoma State's Henry Iba, upset the New York Knickerbockers 65–64 at Madison Square Garden in the first of three games with pro teams. The Olympians' defense and excellent ball handling forced the Knicks into many errors.

BOATING—*Miss Budweiser*, clocked at 120.321 mph over Lake Pleasant in Phoenix, Ariz. and driven by Bill Sterrett, won the $17,000 Arizona Governor's Cup, beating *Miss Bardahl*, which had clinched the national championship for unlimited hydroplanes the previous week.

BOXING—CARLOS (Teo) CRUZ kept his lightweight title in his first defense since taking the championship from Carlos Ortiz in June, by winning a 15-round decision over 20-year-old Mando Ramos in Los Angeles. Cruz was in command until the 13th round when Ramos opened a bad cut over his left eye. In the last three rounds Ramos had Cruz in trouble and turned what had been an easy fight into a close decision. 7–6, 7–6, 9–6. On the same bill, Japan's SHO SAIJYO upset WBA champion Raul Rojas to win the featherweight title. Rojas, knocked down in the sixth round, rallied to win the eighth, ninth and 10th but still lost by a wide margin, 12–3, 9–5, 10–5.

"It's great to be a winner," shouted heavyweight GEORGE CHUVALO after he had stopped ranking contender Manuel Ramos in the fifth round of their scheduled 10-round fight at Madison Square Garden. Often just a courageous loser in important fights, Chuvalo astonished the crowd and his critics with his sharp jab, short, effective combinations and smart tactics. On the same card, BUSTER MATHIS returned to the scene of his only defeat (by Joe Frazier) but was not impressive. He was behind on points to James J. Woody in the sixth round when, for the first time in the fight, he put punches together to win by a TKO.

EDDIE JONES, the No. 1 light-heavyweight contender, scored a 12-round split decision over Chuck Leslie in a Las Vegas fight billed as the first of an elimination series for a title match with champion Bob Foster. Judges Mike Petrovich and Harry Krause had Jones ahead 56–54, while Judge Art Lurie voted for Leslie 57–56.

DOG SHOWS—CH. STARGAZER OF DARTVALE, a Lakeland terrier, praised for his condition and performance as well as for being a top specimen of his breed, won best-in-show honors at the Virginia Kennel Club show in Richmond.

CH. CRAGMOUNT'S HI-LO, a golden retriever, the retriever of the year in 1965, 1966 and 1967, was selected best-in-show at the Suffolk County Kennel Club show in Greenlawn, L.I., N.Y.

FOOTBALL—NFL: It was a black Sunday for some of the game's best passers as defenses and interceptions dominated the action. Green Bay (1-2), NFL champion three times in a row, became a two-time loser as DETROIT (2-1), down 10–0 in the first quarter, came back to defeat the Packers 23–17 on a fourth-period touchdown. The Packers had problems with Lion Cornerback Lem Barney, who intercepted a Bart Starr pass to set up a touchdown and led a goal-line stand that stopped the Packers in the second period. CHICAGO (1-2), after giving up 80 points in two successive games, played tough defense and upset Minnesota (2-1) 27–17. LOS ANGELES (3-0) throttled Cleveland's (1-2) offense, never allowed the Browns to run a play from scrimmage past the 50-yard line and beat them 24–6. BALTIMORE (3-0) tied an NFL record as the Colts scored three times on interceptions and defeated Pittsburgh (0-3) 41–7. DALLAS (3-0) intercepted five passes and recovered two Philadelphia (0-3) fumbles in battering the Eagles 45–13. NEW YORK (3-0) intercepted Sonny Jurgensen passes three times, returned one 47 yards for a touchdown and defeated Washington (1-2) 48–21. ST. LOUIS (1-2) scored after a pass-interference call gave the Cardinals the ball on the New Orleans (1-2) three-yard line with little more than a minute to play and edged the Saints 21–20. SAN FRANCISCO (2-1), with Quarterback John Brodie throwing well despite a bad back, scored three touchdowns on passes to defeat Atlanta (0-3) 28–13.

AFL: BUFFALO (1-3) intercepted five Joe Namath passes, ran three of them back for touchdowns and upset New York (2-1) 37–35. Miami's Bob Griese and Rick Norton fared no better. KANSAS CITY (3-1) picked off five of their passes and whipped the Dolphins (0-3) 48–3. OAKLAND (3-0) stumbled and fumbled but finally put its powerful game together to beat last year's Eastern champion, Houston (1-3) 24–15. BOSTON (2-1) recovered the fumble of an 87-yard punt on the Denver (0-3) one-foot line, scored and went on to defeat the Broncos 20–17. John Hadl passed for two touchdowns and ran for two as SAN DIEGO (3-0) defeated Cincinnati (2-2) 31–10.

GOLF—TOMMY BOLT finished nine strokes ahead of E. J. Harrison to win the $70,000 U.S. National Senior Open in Las Vegas.

BETSY RAWLS, two strokes down going into the final round, shot a 68 to win the Mickey Wright Invitational at Fallbrook, Calif. It was her first victory since 1965 and earned $2,025. Kathy Whitworth finished second, four strokes back.

HARNESS RACING—K. G. ADIOS ($4), with Jim Tallman driving, paced to a four-length victory over Bobby Ed to win the $36,000 New York Sires Stake at Yonkers Raceway.

HORSE RACING—MR. RIGHT ($22.60) upset heavily favored Damascus and won the mile-and-a-quarter $106,800 Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park by a nose (*page 30*).

MOTOR SPORTS—Averaging 94.103 mph, RICHARD PETTY won the Wilkes 400 stock-car race, in North Wilkesboro, N.C. The victory, his 15th of the season, brought him $5,975 and made his total for the year $69,377.

A FORD GT40, driven by Pedro Rodriguez and Lucien Bianchi, finished ahead of the favored Porsches to win the Le Mans 24-hour race in Le Mans, France (*page 68*).

SOCCER—ATLANTA, which had played two 0–0 ties with San Diego, one in the championship series, finally broke through and scored three times to win the North American Soccer League Championship in Atlanta. The teams went 22 minutes without a goal until Brian Hughes kicked one from eight yards out. Delroy Scott added a 15-yarder, and Rookie of the Year Kaizer Motaung dribbled through two defenders for the final score.

TENNIS—STAN SMITH defeated Jim McManus in straight sets 10–8, 6–1, 6–1 to win the Pacific Coast International Tennis championship, in Berkeley, Calif. Later he teamed with his Davis Cup doubles partner Bob Lutz to take the doubles 10–8, 11–9 from McManus and Jim Osborne.

TRACK & FIELD—RALPH BOSTON, 29 years old and recently recovered from a bursitis attack in his right knee, long-jumped a world record 27' 5½" at an Olympic tune-up meet in Flagstaff, Ariz. Unfortunately the jump was made with a 12-mph carrying wind, which will prevent its acceptance by the IAAF. Boston and Igor Ter-Ovanesyan of Russia share the world mark of 27' 4¾".

MARGARET BAILES of the U.S. women's Olympic squad bettered the record for the 100-meter dash in the meet, running the distance in 10.8, three-tenths of a second faster than the world record held by Ewa Klobukowska and Irene Kirszenstein, but the wind factor will prevent its acceptance also.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: CLEM DANIELS, former Oakland Raider running back and the only AFL rusher to gain 5,000 yards, by the San Francisco 49ers.

FIRED: BOB KENNEDY, manager of the Oakland Athletics, after leading the A's to their best finish, sixth, in 13 years. Kennedy, who managed the team for just one year—the Athletics' first in Oakland—will be replaced by Hank Bauer, who had been dropped by Baltimore in July. For Bauer, it will be the second time around with the Athletics. The first time he lasted slightly longer than one season before he was sacked.

FIRED: CAL ERMER, manager of the Minnesota Twins since June 1967, by President Cal Griffith. A successor will be named after the World Series.

DISBANDED: DETROIT COUGARS of the North American Soccer League because of heavy losses and no hope of improving attendance in the next few seasons.

DIED: SIR NORMAN BROOKES, 90, the first of Australia's outstanding international tennis players and later a coach and administrator of the country's amateur tennis programs, in Melbourne. Two-time winner of Wimbledon (1907 and 1914), Sir Norman led the Australian-New Zealand Davis Cup team from 1905 through 1920 and was one of the finest left-handed players of all time.

CREDITS

24, 25—Jamat Drake. 26-29—Walter Iooss Jr. 31—Herb Scharfman. 33—Eric Schweikardt. 36—Roy De Carava. 60—Tony Triolo. 68—Gerry Cranham. 74, 75—Carl Iwasaki. 77—Brion Seed. 80—UPI. 82-91—Herb Scharfman. 104—Mike Masuro San Francisco Examiner, Ronald Undernahrer Pontiac Press, U.S. Army, Asbury Park Press.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARYETTA BOITANO, 5, of San Francisco, youngest of a running clan, finished 441st in a field of more than 900 entered in the Dipsea Run, a 6.8-mile race near the California coast. Maryetta, who runs three times a week, came in ahead of her father and mother.



OAVID HARRIS, a 5′ 11″, 175-pound halfback at Dayton's Wilbur Wright High School, had the kind of day football players dream about: he scored six touchdowns, rushed for 242 yards, ran for two two-point conversions and threw a 70-yard touchdown pass.



ROBYN WHITE, an 18-year-old Pontiac, Mich. secretary, whose dedication to roller skating included moving into an apartment over her local rink, won the Novice Ladies' Singles Championship of the U.S. Federation of Amateur Roller Skaters in Lincoln, Neb.



CHARLES DAVIS, a Hazard, Ky. Army sergeant and a sure-shot rabbit hunter, became the first man to win the Wimbledon and Leech Trophies—symbolic of rifle supremacy—in the same season, at the National Long Range Rifle Matches, Oak Ridge, Tenn.



BERT SMITH, a Wantagh, Long Island Air Force sergeant who was home on leave and playing right field, hit 11 home runs and was voted MVP as he led the County Sports team of Levittown to the National Open Slow Pitch championship in East Meadow, N.Y.



JUNE METHOT of Lincroft, N.J. kept a cool head and a steady hand despite choppy seas and a strong northwest wind and won the Women's North American Sailing Championship in Bay Head, N.J. Miss Methot finished 8½ points ahead of Martha McDougle.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

IVY CHAIN

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's story on Bill van Breda Kolff was most interesting (*Hedonist Prophet of the Sparton Gonie*, Sept. 23). However, Olsen writes, "Van Breda Kolff became the first Ivy coach in history to take over a professional team." May I point out that there were three who preceded Bill? Elmer Ripley, basketball coach at Yale from 1929 to 1935 and at Columbia from 1944 to 1945, coached in the Eastern League and for several pro clubs down through the years.

Hall-of-Famer Kenneth Loeffler coached at Yale from 1936 to 1942, then coached the St. Louis Bombers (NBA) from 1946 to 1948 and the Providence Steamrollers (NBA) the following season.

Robert (Red) Rolfe, basketball coach at Yale from 1943 to 1946, coached the Toronto Huskies (NBA) in 1947.

Conversely, and just to add to the record, Hall-of-Famer Doggie Julian left the Boston Celtics to coach at Dartmouth, and Bob Morris left the Providence Steamrollers to coach at Brown. Former NBA players like Jack McCloskey, Howie Dallmar and Bob Harrison also subsequently joined Ivy League colleges as coaches.

WILLIAM G. MOKRAY
Editor and Publisher
Basketball's Best

Revere, Mass.

3-D

Sirs:

O.K., you've told us about McLain the swinger (*Dizzy Dream for Jet-Set Denny*, July 29) and McLain the show biz whiz (*A Rare 30 for Show-Biz Denny*, Sept. 23). Now tell us how Denny threw one right down the middle to Mantle so Mickey could blast it and move up in the all-time home-run race. That's another McLain, and you ought to tell it all. He didn't *have* to do it, you know.

M. MCGRAW

Detroit

LINES OF BATTLE

Sirs:

At the naval academy the bible of the sports world is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. But I'm sure I speak for the entire brigade when I say that I was shocked and dismayed that a fine magazine such as yours would even suggest, as you did at the end of your preview of the U.S. Military Academy's football season (Sept. 9), that no one cares about the outcome of our traditional game. I'm sure you'll have to argue this point with the more than 7,000 midshipmen and cadets, not to mention the thousands of football fans who attend the game and millions more who watch it on television. But most concerned are our fighting men in the armed forces, now and in days gone by, whom the combatants on the gridiron represent as they, too, do battle.

In a day and age when traditions seem to pass by the wayside, especially on our college campuses, due respect should be given to this nationally famous rivalry that has existed since 1890, when the fighting Midshipmen trounced the Cadets 24–0.

RAY RITCHEY
Midshipman Fourth Class

Annapolis, Md.

UNHAPPY LANDINGS

Sirs:

The SCORECARD section of your September 9 issue contained a very amusing anecdote concerning a golf ball landing in a helicopter. Because of it, I recalled a somewhat similar, though near-tragic, incident that happened in the South Pacific during late 1944 or early 1945.

The First Marine Division was "staging" on the island of Pavuvu in the Russell Islands, a part of the Solomon Islands. Their landing strip was a coral roadway next to a baseball field. As the pilot of a Piper Cub (used for artillery fire spotting and short island hops) came in for a landing—with an open cockpit, naturally, in that weather—he was struck in the face by what would have been a home-run ball. His nose and cheekbone were fractured and he was temporarily stunned. But in falling backward he unconsciously pulled back on the stick, and when he recovered consciousness a few seconds later, the Piper Cub was climbing. Rather than attempt another landing on the roadway, the pilot made a rather shaky but safe landing on the fighter strip on Banika, another of the Russell Islands, about eight or 10 air miles from Pavuvu, where he was cared for at U.S. Fleet Hospital 110 (formerly called Mob 10).

I was the chaplain at Mob 10 and I can vouch for the story, although I never did find out if that marine back on Pavuvu got credit for an eight-mile home run.

THE REV. JOSEPH J. LAMB
Pastor, Church of St. Leo the Great

Pawtucket, R.I.

FORERUNNER

Sirs:

In your Pro Football Issue (Sept. 16) you mentioned that many scouts believe that Eldridge Dickey "might become the first black quarterback to play as a regular in professional football." This may be true of American football. However, I would like to point out that Carroll Williams, a Negro, is at present doing an excellent job as the rookie regular quarterback of the Montreal Alouettes in the Canadian Football League. I think that Montreal's assistant coach, Ralph Goldston, is also the first Negro coach in Canadian professional football. At any rate, don't you think it's time your ethnocentric publication recognized the fact that professional football is not limited to the NFL-AFL, and that the Green Bay Packers are not the "world champions," but only American champions? Clearly, unless the winners of the U.S. and Canadian leagues meet, football has no world champion, and equally clear is the fact that if Eldridge Dickey makes the grade with Oakland, he will be the *second* black quarterback in professional football, not the first.

BILL ILLERBRUN

Honolulu

● Dickey in fact will be the third. The first was Sandy Stephens who played with the Alouettes two years ago. —ED.

THE REEL THING

Sirs:

Your romantic story about the last remaining copies of the golf movies made by Bobby Jones was an entertaining one (*The Reel Life of Bobby Jones*, Sept. 23). You may be interested to know, however, that the Warner Bros. films, in their entirety, are in the possession of United Artists Television, Inc. They were kind enough to lend me two reels recently for the purpose of studying the possibility of building a television spectacular around them.

THOMAS R. DAVIS

Bakersfield, Calif.

PEAK LOAD (CONT.)

Sirs:

Although Bil Gilbert seemed to understand many of the problems of the "out-of-cardoorsman" (*Boondock Heresy*, Sept. 2), he really missed the whole show with the wilderness areas. As the U.S. Forest Service ranger for the Mt. Whitney Trail in the John Muir Wilderness Area I feel I am well acquainted with the wilderness problems. I can't believe Bil saw no garbage, no mangled flora or persecuted wildlife and only one person on the four-mile Andrews Bald trail on Labor Day. On my 10½-mile-long wilderness trail (which is classed a strenuous hike and probably is no more scenic than the Andrews Bald trail), I had about 3,000 beer-can-throwing, switch-back-cutting hikers over the Labor Day weekend.

When was the last time Bil was out in the boondocks? The days of John Muir are gone—there are people out there now, and there isn't enough wilderness to go around. I admit that the problems in the roaded

continued







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areas of our national parks are serious, but problems in the boondocks are equally serious, and chopping up the wilderness areas that are left isn't going to solve anything. Look at the figures: the percentage of land in our country classified as wilderness is minute, and once you put in a road the wilderness is lost forever.

FRED BELL

Lone Pine, Calif.

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert maintains that up to 20% of the Smokies and other national parks can be utilized for more roads to accommodate those wishing to wear out their eyes but not feet without hindering the pursuit of "boondocky pleasures and illusions." Hogwash! I took a hike to Charlie's Bunyon, and the commotion at Newfound Gap, four miles away, could still be heard.

Bil Gilbert wants more roads? Even wheel sightseers will stay away from the Smokies in direct proportion to the number of new roads built, simply because they (we) are sick of seeing ribbons of concrete covering the country. If Bil would examine the traffic situation a little further, I'm sure he would find the problem is not one of too few roads but of too many slow-moving campers and trailers and outlandish traffic laws which allow parking everywhere, thereby disrupting traffic on the main highways.

EMMETT JOSEPH

Dayton

Sirs:

I have just finished reading Bil Gilbert's comedy on campers. I wish I hadn't. As a resident of Knoxville, Tenn., a junior Girl Scout leader and mother of four hiking enthusiasts, I found the article both distasteful and misleading. Although Mr. Gilbert's outlook on trailer-campers probably proves true throughout the nation, it is unfair to judge our Smoky Mountains by a few incidents which could and do occur everywhere. Mr. Gilbert should have pointed to the wonders that are to be found along the beautiful trails if he hoped to enlighten anyone.

We have hiked to Rainbow Falls, Laurel Falls and Mt. Le Conte, to mention a few, but I have never climbed his "toothpaste tower." I do not find it in my heart, however, to condemn those who have the taste for this sort of thing.

Was Mr. Gilbert's purpose to belittle our Great Smokies, undermine the Cherokee reservation or frustrate the Gatlinburg, Tenn. Chamber of Commerce? He seemed to have missed his true purpose in panning the American tourist. Of course, I'm prejudiced. Until five years ago I was a Georgia cracker, but now I show my true colors as a Tennessee hillbilly!

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In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and be added his own special ingredient: pride.

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The pride of this first Beam distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All tbose Beams have rested tbeir case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered tbe only true American spirit. And tbe world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that tbe famous Beam formula is notbing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, tbey did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

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Tbe ... Beam Bo... much to ... tion and ... inal form ... more to ... as for ov... Beams wh...

Walk t... and one of the ... notice, if you're acquainted



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POOF PROOF

In tbe old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of wbiskey. Tbey poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A brigbt flare of flame meant tbe wbiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them tbe whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at tbe ... the label says ... cause 86 proof ... people prefer.

... figure alcohol ... y divide proof ... by two. But remember ... ne proof is not ... lways quality.

Toast

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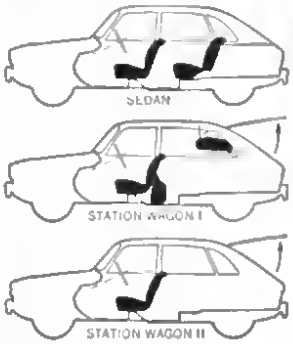
CHAPTER TWO: THE RENAULT 16 SEDAN-WAGON

Our story opened with the Renault 10. And that chapter is being written every day. At last count, there were over 35,000 Renault 10's on the road.

And so the stage is nicely set for our latest installment: The Renault 16 Sedan-Wagon.

The Sedan-Wagon. Besides being a new chapter for us, the Sedan-Wagon represents a new chapter in the industry.

Until now, even if you only needed a station wagon occasionally, you had to drive one around all the time. With the Renault 16, you drive around a sedan. And when you need a station wagon, it turns into a station wagon.



The front-wheel drive. Quite logical. The engine up front to get maximum hauling area in the rear. The drive wheels also up front to get maximum traction from the engine's weight.

The engine. Pressure cast aluminum block. 5 main bearings. And a sealed liquid cooling system that virtually eliminates the bother of having to add anti-freeze. It can milk 28 miles out of a gallon of gas, and still manages a top speed of 93 mph. It is so well put together that you could roll up 30,000 continuous miles at 85, as we did, back and forth and back and forth between Rome and Milan.

The seats. They're every bit as comfortable as those in the Renault 10. And the seats in the Renault 10 have been stacked up against the seats in the Rolls-Royce.

The road manners. The suspension is soft, without being mushy. Each wheel moves up and down independently, controlled by long torsion bars.

The price. The Sedan-Wagon sells for $2,445.* The price of most sedan-sedans.

RENAULT

FOR THE [illegible] DEALER OR WRITE RENAULT [illegible] SYLVAN AVENUE, ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, N.J. 07632 BOX 6



*P.O.E. EAST COAST.



Introducing the Marauder X-100.

Until today you had to sacrifice comfort if you wanted a sporty road car.

Now you no longer have to sit in a cramped cockpit if you want sporty action. Marauder X-100 performs and handles like a sporty road car and is designed like a luxury car. This is one of the most exciting cars we've ever made. What goes into it is about as exciting as what comes out. Standard equipment for this six passenger car includes:

429 cu. in., 4-barrel V-8.
Select-Shift automatic transmission.
Styled aluminum wheels.
Race-type steering wheel.
Rim-blow horn (just squeeze the steering wheel).
Concealed headlamps.
Fender skirts.
Choice of bench, Twin Comfort or bucket seats.
Simulated woodgrain appliqué on instrument panel and door panels.
Color-keyed two-tone finish in a wide choice of color combinations.
Also available in a big selection of solid colors.

Lincoln-Mercury leads the way with the most exciting cars in town.

The rise of Canadian Lord Calvert.

Was it luck?

You don't get to be a great whisky on luck alone.

Four and a half years ago when we first brought our whisky across the border from Canada, our welcome wasn't exactly overwhelmmg.

"Who needs it?" they asked.

But with the bravado that could come only from simple, unspoiled faith, our little challenger replied: "You do."

We just couldn't understand why Canadian Whisky drinkers should have so small a choice.

We'd blended fine whiskies from our five distilleries to bring you the best that Canada could offer.

Today, an astonishing number of whisky drinkers are switching to Canadian Lord Calvert. We feel needed.

Do you think the day will come when fame and fortune goes to our heads?

Fear not. We were never the type to push our luck.

